

Children's Newspaper, November 14, 1925

The Nature Map of the British Isles
Every Week in the Children's Pictorial

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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HOW THE LEAGUE STOPPED A WAR

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THE IRON HORSE OF PEACE

STEAMING THROUGH THE KHYBER PASS

**Will the Railway Close Two
Thousand Years of War?**

A STORIED ROUTE THROUGH • THE HIMALAYAS

If, as in moments of fanciful reverie, we like to pretend the spirits of the great figures of history revisit the scenes of their earthly exploits, what a gathering of the ghosts of the past there must have been in the Khyber Pass when the railway through it was opened at the beginning of November.

The Khyber Pass is the great natural route through the Himalayas from India to Afghanistan. By it there have always passed those picturesque, dream-like cavalcades of camels which bear the rich and strange merchandise from the Far East into the heart of the nearer East, from the opulent heart of Asia into the teeming marts of India.

The Tide of Conquest

Where traffic finds a way there also, in lawless days, brigandage will lurk and violence will demand its tribute; and by the route of the caravan and the bandit armed hosts will force a passage. So it has ever been in the Khyber.

For 2000 and more years the tide of conquest has coursed through its stormy channel. Through its narrow ways, between its beetling cliffs, have marched all the armies of the Old World whose operations were stirred by those enormous convulsions in which not merely countries but continents were embroiled.

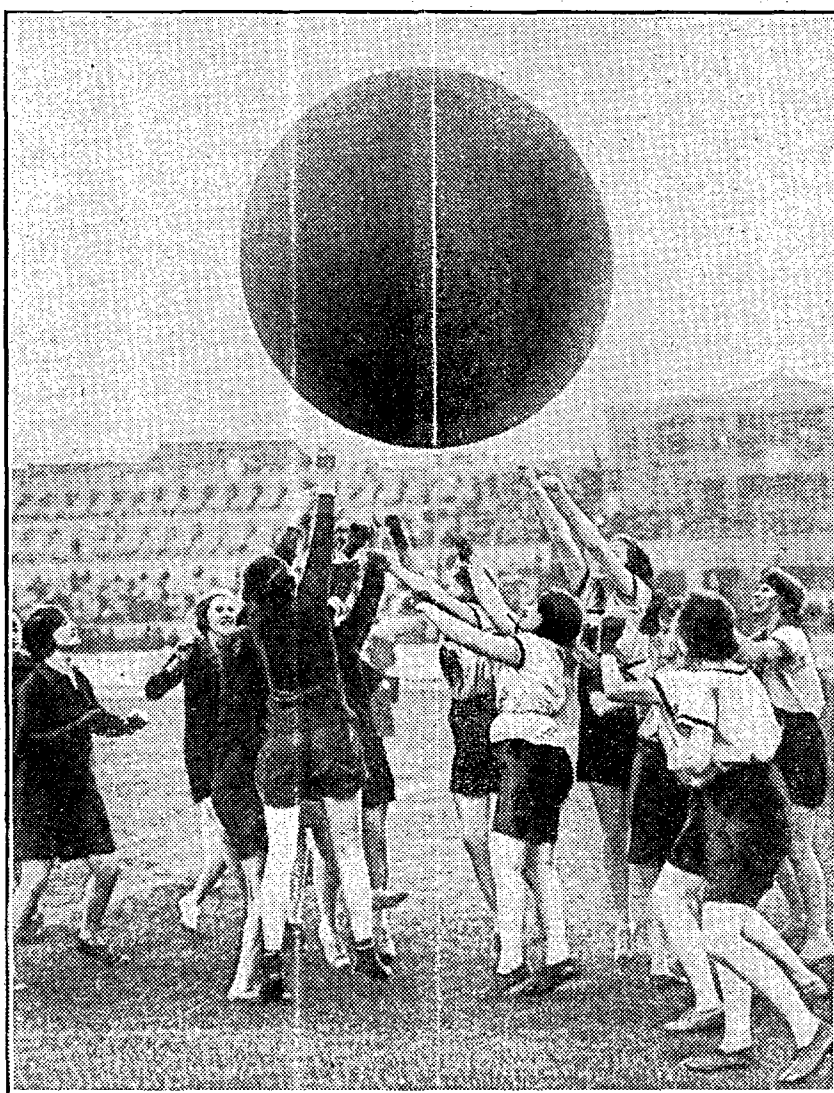
Every invasion of India has made the Khyber ring, except perhaps that of Alexander. But Persian and Seljuk, Tartar and Mongol hosts have all flooded through that narrow and perilous way, and many a time have British forces battled in it and through it, and fought fierce conflicts at the south-east end to keep the unconquered Afridi tribesmen from emerging from it upon the fair plains of India.

The Old Bad Days

Now we are hoping for better things. It has taken five years to build this railway through the 33 miles of rocky way that winds north-westward through the mountains. Every yard of the route has some story of bloodshed to tell of the old bad days. In those five years Afridis and Britons have been brought closer into daily contact than ever before, and the results have been surprisingly excellent.

The railhead has advanced from Peshawar; it has gone through the mountains, and the mighty caravans may now unload there if they choose. They will miss the most historic stage of their long route, but they will avoid that most infested with danger from the boldest bandits in all Asia.

Push Ball in Berlin



Pushball, which is played with a leather ball like a very large football, is coming more and more into favour. Here we see a number of girls playing pushball in the new Stadium at Berlin, where President Hindenburg was an interested spectator

FRANCE AND THE FRANC Bold Measures Fail Again

Governments change almost as often as the seasons in France. The franc and the Government have both fallen.

The Cabinet of M. Painlevé has lasted six months; many a Cabinet before it has not lasted so long. It has fallen because of M. Caillaux, its Minister of Finance, and it fell with the franc at 120 to the pound.

Called in as the strong man who would put the finances of France into order and stop the franc from falling, M. Caillaux knows that the only thing to do is to put on heavy extra taxes, compelling taxation until it meets the expenditure, and that has made him too many enemies. So, though the Cabinet really knows he is right, it resigned to get rid of him!

Where M. Caillaux has failed it is difficult to see who can succeed. Certainly no one will until the people realise that only their money can put their finances on a sound basis and keep the franc at a steady value. All Europe has had to learn this lesson; the French are almost the last to stand out against

it! It has been said of a Frenchman that he will give his life lightly for a cause he believes in, but that he will not give a franc for any cause; and the truth is that France does not tax herself heavily enough.

THE GENERAL'S HAT A Tale From Turkestan

A traveller who has visited Chinese Turkestan tells a merry tale about what happened one day in Yangi Hissar, near Kashgar.

Only five Europeans have ever been to this place, but this was a distinguished soldier, much liked by the people of the country, and he was entertained one evening at dinner by a native general of high rank. The general, on taking his seat at the table, gave his hat to one of his attendants to hold. But the poor man already had a sword and carbine to encumber him, and there was no peg on which the hat could be hung.

So he took the hat, all richly bedecked and trimmed with costly fur, and stuck it on his own head, where it remained until his master required it again at the end of the banquet.

PATHETIC SCENE ON AN ISLAND

THE DEAD BIRD

**The Accusing Hoot of
Sorrowing Terns on Scolt Head**

LONELY WATCHER'S STORY

Charmed with the idea of Miss E. L. Turner's long summer vigil among the birds that nest on the little islet of Scolt Head, off the Norfolk coast, we have been reading with interest and pleasure her account in The Times of her gentle errand.

Right glad are we all that the water supply was at last so improved that not merely a daily wash, but even a bath, became possible. But blown sand was troublesome; it crept into the tiny openings of the eggs of terns and prevented their hatching. It filled the nostrils of baby birds and choked them to death.

That is an astonishing revelation and sends our thoughts reaching out into the burning desert where sands are for ever drifting. That is the home and nursery of the sand grouse, which breed nowhere else. How do they thrive there when conditions much less difficult murder these little sea birds of ours in their nurseries?

The Silent Accusers

During her stay Miss Turner found two dead terns and, sending one away, she retained the other for the den hidden, as she thought, near her screened watching post. But very soon the little corpse was discovered by other terns. "Others flew in one by one (she says), hovered over it for an instant, and rose into the air uttering a sharp cry; then hung poised above, all looking steadfastly at me. It was as if they were accusing me, their guardian, of murder."

There was something menacing in this silent accusation, says Miss Turner, for after uttering their one cry the hovering birds were silent. The flock grew and grew in numbers till the whole colony of terns was collected.

How the Incident Closed

Each newcomer, as it arrived, dropped down to look at the dead body, then rose and remained poised, dangling as if from the end of a bit of invisible elastic. The whole incident lasted but a few minutes, and then the birds gradually returned to their hesting duties.

The dead tern was then hidden till the next day and a second time exposed to view, but nothing now happened. "The incident was closed."

It was an extraordinary little drama of discovery, with unmistakable grief and accusation of the innocent. How it would have stirred the imagination of Coleridge, for in that immortal poem of his it was the killing of a seabird which occasioned all the horrors and terrors of that deathless story: "With my cross-bow I shot the Albatross," says the Ancient Mariner.

IN PERIL ON A CHIMNEY

STEEPLEJACK'S THRILLING RESCUE

What a Crowd of People Saw near Birmingham

YOUNG MAN'S BRAVE DEED

The story of a wonderful and thrilling rescue comes from Birmingham, and reminds us afresh of the great danger in which some men spend their lives.

Harold Edginton, a steeplejack, was at work on the top of a chimney, a hundred feet high, at Witton. People had seen him during the day, and many a boy had wondered what it must be like to be perched up there high above the earth, like an eagle in a remote eyrie among the clouds.

Edginton thought nothing about it. He was used to being up in the air alone, and he had a stiff job before him, pointing the brickwork of the chimney. He did not mind the work so much as the conditions; what troubled him was the noxious air continually arising from the shaft.

The Deadly Fumes

The fumes were unusually strong, and during the afternoon the steeplejack, feeling sick and giddy, had a warning that if he did not take care the horrible gases would be too much for him. He wanted to work while daylight lasted, and toiled away, trying to avoid the rising fumes.

It happened an hour later that some people passing by looked up at the man on the chimney top, and they saw without any warning, poor Edginton suddenly reel and fall across the chimney edge. There he lay, one leg inside and one outside. A crowd quickly gathered, and men and women stared up in horror, expecting every moment to see the tiny figure up there disappear.

A Hard Task

Everybody had given Harold Edginton up for dead when some figures appeared at the base of the shaft. One of them was Bert Cross, the son of the steeplejack's employer. The watching crowd saw him slowly climbing the chimney, dragging up ropes and boards after him.

The figure of the rescuer went up, yard by yard, and those below scarcely breathed when they saw him at the top, as small as that hapless victim of the stack. They could not believe that a rescue was possible; they strained their eyes in the dim, waning light of the grey afternoon.

Breathless Minutes

What was he doing up there? For a little while nobody could tell. Then it was seen that this courageous young man was lashing the steeplejack to a board. He succeeded in getting his head out of the reach of the fumes. More than that the watchers could not see, for dusk fell and enveloped the two tiny figures in an impenetrable cloak.

In the meantime the Birmingham fire brigade had had warning of the disaster, and very soon they arrived on the scene, flashing a strong searchlight on the chimney shaft. The watchers could see then that still figure strapped to the boards. The firemen raced up to the rescue, and the steeplejack was carried safely down. He was very badly gassed, and is now being taken care of in hospital. The C.N. hopes that he will live to shake the hand of the young man who performed that splendid deed.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Assisi Ah-se-se
Cheops Ke-ops
Nauen Now-en
Oligocene Ol-e-go-scen
Ordovician Or-do-vish-an
Peshawar Pay-shah-wur

THE LEAGUE STOPS A WAR

BOTH SIDES GIVE UP

Greece and Bulgaria Break Their Word to the Nations

PROMPT SETTLEMENT AT GENEVA

The League has stopped another war. It is true that it was a little war, but it was at least as serious an event as the murder of an Archduke, out of which the Great War came. It has been a good example of the working of the League.

The trouble began with two members of the League, Greece and Bulgaria, who started fighting each other in spite of the promises they made when they signed the Covenant. They broke their word, as the Germans did in 1914, and they have had to go before the League Council and explain their conduct.

Who Fired the First Shot?

Of course, each side says the other began it, but that is no excuse for having gone on. Each says the other fired the first shot, and first crossed the frontier with troops. Bulgaria suggested a joint inquiry, but Greece said Bulgaria must withdraw her troops, apologise, and pay compensation, all without any inquiry. Then Bulgaria appealed to the League, and the Council met immediately in Paris, and told both sides to stop fighting and get back to their own side of the frontier.

Greece was rather long about it; she wanted Bulgaria to apologise first. But she obeyed in the end. Mr. Chamberlain asked the Greek representative how far the Bulgarians had gone into Greece, and he replied at least 400 yards. And how far did the Greeks go into Bulgaria? asked Mr. Chamberlain. The Greek spokesman admitted five miles!

The Problem of Big Nations

Everyone is very much pleased with the prompt action of the League Council in this grave matter. The League's intervention was not due merely to the appeal from Bulgaria, for if Bulgaria had not called in the League someone else would have done so.

It would be foolish to suppose that if two great countries, instead of two little ones, had started fighting the Council would have found it so easy to stop them and make them bring their quarrel before it; that is why the League is always trying to strengthen its machinery for settling disputes before they reach a fighting stage.

Greece and Bulgaria have never really been friendly since the war; they have had differences all along that might at any time have led to trouble. The League has tried to settle them, but it has not tried hard enough. It is to be hoped that now the matter has been raised in this dangerous way it will not be allowed to remain unsettled.

A Good Beginning

When Britain took up the German idea of a Pact for the Rhine it was because she believed that the first thing to do to make war unlikely was to get rid of the causes of quarrel between individual nations. That is a long task, but a good beginning has been made both west and east of Germany. Poland has set a great example, as we read in another column. It is the turn of the Balkans now, and we hope Greece will be worthy of her opportunity.

First we must get settled the refugees who have fled or been driven out by the passing of territory from one Government to another. Their homelessness, poverty, and discontent is making constant trouble. Then there must be some sort of federation among the Balkan States which will make frontiers less of a separation than now. There should be at least a Pact of Mutual Aid among them, on the model of the Locarno Treaties. They can hardly enjoy living constantly on the brink of war.

A BARREL FULL OF SOVEREIGNS

And the Tale Behind It

The Government of Afghanistan has just sent by steamer to Naples in a number of small barrels six thousand British sovereigns for the Italian Government. They are the price of the life of an Italian engineer named Piperno.

Signor Piperno got into a street brawl in Kabul in which he killed an Afghan. He was arrested, but on paying money to the dead man's relations he was allowed to escape. Such is the comfortable custom in Afghanistan. But somehow or other he managed to get himself rearrested, and this time he was tried and executed for the murder in accordance with the custom farther West.

But the Italian Government was angry about it. It said the Afghans could not have it both ways: either the money or the life of Signor Piperno had been unfairly forfeited, and as his life could not be restored there must be a money payment.

Bowing to the logic of this argument, the Afghan Government has paid, in the picturesque way described. Thus is Justice—Eastern and Western brands alike—publicly vindicated!

A Priceless Gift to the Working World

MANY precious things are passing away. In these dark days that have come upon the world some of our most ancient institutions stand in peril.

SOME, it seems, must go; some are in peril only from their friends. We are losing them because we are sleeping while an enemy sows tares. Peace has gone out of the world, but who shall say that Peace might not have been with us still if those who love it most had been more vigilant?

AND SO, as Peace went out sorrowing, we may lose for want of watchfulness that treasure of Peace which is still among our most precious possessions, the time of rest and quiet and inspiration which we call Sunday.

A striking article on Sunday and its Value to the World appears in My Magazine for December, now on sale everywhere.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEA

A Call and How it was Answered

Once more we have an example of the great-heartedness of sailors the wide world over.

Not long ago in mid-Atlantic a woman became desperately ill on a German ship, and the ship's medicine chest lacked the only drug that could save her life. A wireless was sent out and picked up by a Scottish vessel a hundred miles off, and the skipper raced to the rescue. The German also altered his course, and it was not long before the hundred miles had been covered, and the woman's life was saved.

It is good to realise that the brotherhood of the sea is returning; we may be sure the Scots captain and the German captain were delighted to cooperate in this good deed.

CHINA'S TROUBLES

A Conference in Peking

CAN ANY GOOD BE DONE?

In the midst of the marchings and counter-marchings of rival Chinese generals a Conference has assembled at Peking to consider the claim of the Chinese Government to be allowed to increase the duties on imported goods.

It is by their control of the Chinese Customs revenue that the Powers have hitherto made sure of China's payment of the interest on loans and war debts contracted long ago, and have prevented anti-foreign feeling from keeping out foreign goods; but at Washington it was agreed that China must now be allowed a voice in the matter, and a definite increase of duties was promised.

The difficulty in the way of the Conference is the war between the rival generals in China. The generals have no support from the mass of the people, whom they compel to feed their soldiers; they are simply out for the plunder they can get. The question is how the people are to get rid of them, to get a Government that can control them. The Conference will do anything it can to strengthen the hands of the Government, but it cannot put down the generals for them, and if the Government is allowed to increase the duties it cannot guarantee that imports will reach their destination without further charges.

There are local duties the traders would like to get rid of, but far worse than these are the unlawful taxes the generals impose at every turn, and about these any promises the central Government may be willing to make are of no use at all. Many people think that for these reasons it was useless for the Conference to meet.

THINGS SAID

The greatest British asset is peace.
Lord Salisbury

I, in whose arms Queen Victoria drew her last breath.

The Kaiser (quoted from a letter)

The land of the free need not be the land of the foolish. *Rev. E. L. Macassey*

In civilisation and culture England is far ahead of America. *Canon Carnegie*

The Continent is living on borrowed money. *Sir George Paish*

I look forward to the day when the presence of a blind person among us will be as rare as a swallow in October.

The Minister of Health

The dummy gun opposite a hospital at Hyde Park Corner perpetuates a spirit which the Church should combat. You cannot have it both ways. Is it to be a Gun or a Cross? *Lady Oxford*

The appreciation of good music is on the upward trend, chiefly owing to the gramophone, the piano-player, and broadcasting. *Sir Landon Ronald*

Many monuments have been erected to the unknown soldier. I think it is time somebody erected a monument to the unknown taxpayer.

Count Apponyi of Hungary

Science alone cannot save industry, because it takes too long to bring about big changes.

Report of the Privy Council Committee

London is the healthiest city in the world. *Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P.*

There are excellent people ready to do anything for their country; but not always to do something for the man next door. *The Home Secretary*

There should be no such things as a working class and a leisured class. Everybody ought to work and have leisure in a well-balanced life.

Margaret Boulfield

THE HYDE PARK CORNERS OF SPACE

A WIRELESS WHIRLPOOL

Why Not a Traffic Manager of the Ether?

A SYSTEM FOR SECRET WIRELESS

The great problem of the streets is how to control the traffic; it will soon be also the great problem of space.

Everybody was disappointed at the failure of the wireless tour of the Continent the other night, when the congestion of the wave-ways spoiled a great programme. Something like a Traffic Manager of the Ether seems to be badly needed.

Never stopping day or night, someone is always throwing a stone into the still pond of the ether. The great wireless stations, Daventry and Cardiff, London and Paris, Hilversum in Holland, Nauen in Germany, San Sebastian in Spain, Rome and New York and Honolulu, heave huge rocks into the pond with a splash, but hundreds of small-boy stations are always throwing pebbles.

Unmapped Streets of Space

Imagine the commotion into which the ether, still throughout long ages, is being thrown today! When the first wireless man burst into that silent sea the ripple he made must have been as lone and solitary as the bow wave of an explorer's ship in Arctic seas, but the confusion of waves now is like the confusion of Hyde Park Corner magnified a million times.

What the wireless ocean wants is a traffic manager to order the comings and goings in the unmapped streets of space. But he cannot send the waves from Glasgow round by way of Aldwych so that they will not cross the waves from New York or Holland at Wellington Street. There is no way yet found of directing waves along a straight and narrow path, unless they are very small.

Combing Out Wireless Waves

But that may come, in fact it must come, unless some better way is found of combing out one stream of waves from another. At present the rush and conflict of waves is such that it creates a whirlpool through which the wireless messengers from any one station can only make their way in small detachments. A comparison that suggests itself is the way in which a line of omnibuses struggles wearily in ones or twos through a block at Charing Cross, leaving the main battalion held up on the far side.

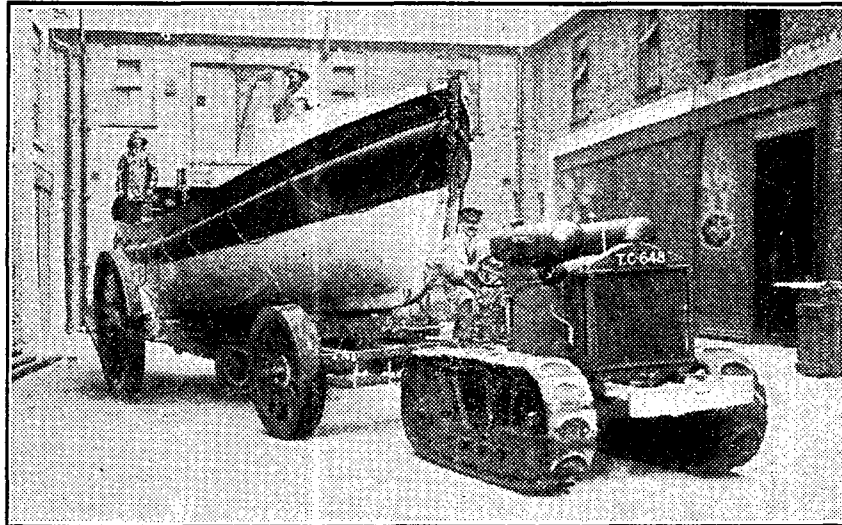
Fortunately for the future of broadcasting, in which the entertainment of millions of people may now be spoiled by the intervention of Morse or mush or chaotic whistling, the comparisons between wireless waves and omnibuses, or even waves of the sea, are not exact. Streams of waves that seem inextricable can be combed out, and will be combed out when the number of waves, or their wave-length, is properly varied. The wave-lengths can be changed and allotted, and made bigger or smaller in almost infinite variety.

A New Invention

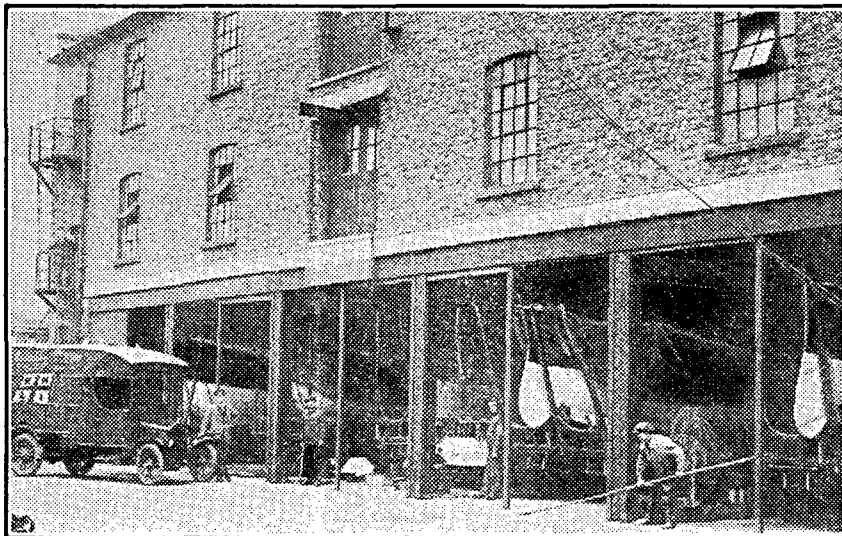
The Navy Department of the United States is now examining a new invention which makes a greater use of the short waves. There is, to begin with, a short-length wave at the rate of thirty million vibrations a second. On this are impressed other waves, which begin with only 27,000 vibrations a second.

These waves, as a moderate knowledge of mathematics or wireless will enable anyone to understand, produce periodic changes of intensity in the thirty-million carrier wave. The receiver which goes with this invention has one circuit sensitive to the carrier and the other circuit sensitive to the other waves, so that it can pick the waves it wants and these alone. It is obvious that the system might be used for secret wireless.

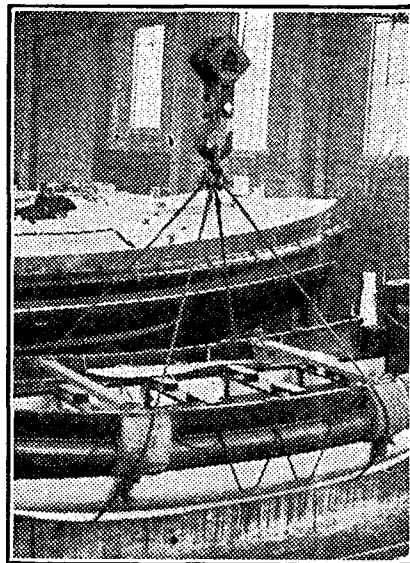
LONDON'S LIFEBOAT HOSPITAL



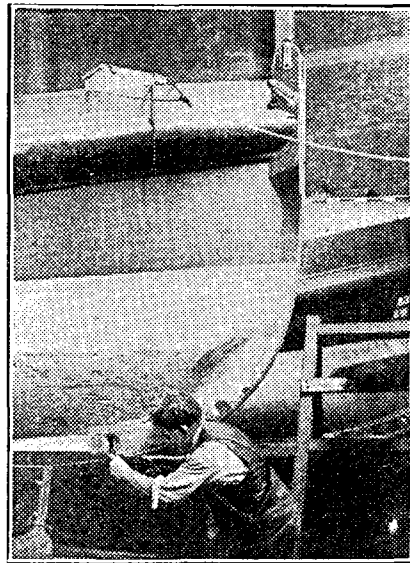
A lifeboat arrives at the storeyard



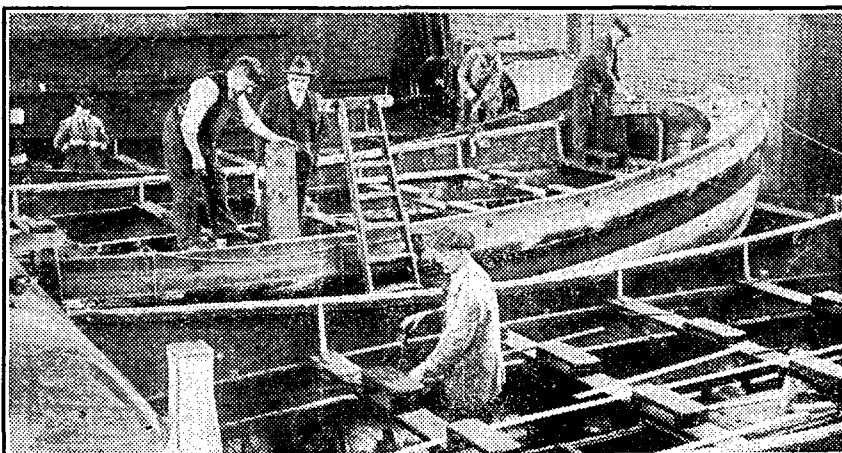
Some of the lifeboats in the sheds



Lowering a lifeboat into a 60-foot dock in one of the sheds



A workman repairing the bows of a damaged lifeboat



A general view of the lifeboat workshop

Very few Londoners are aware that there is in their midst a lifeboat hospital where damaged lifeboats are put into repair for further useful service. This hospital, known as the Reserve Royal National Lifeboat Institution, is situated at Poplar, and has huge sheds and a 60-foot dock. Often as many as fifty lifeboats are under repair at one time

AN OLD MAN'S JOURNEY

STORY BEHIND A DOCUMENT

The Great Peril Recalled by a Visit to the Vatican

A FRIEND OF ST. FRANCIS

Visitors to the Vatican just now are permitted to inspect a document which has helped to change the history of the world. There is a remarkable story behind it.

It is a letter now being displayed in a pavilion in the Vatican courtyard devoted to records of old-time Christian missions, and is the work of a Mongol ruler of the thirteenth century, written to Pope Innocent the Fourth, expressing wonder that any nation in the world could assume that it was not subject to the might and rule of the Mongols.

All the way from far Karakorum that letter was brought by Christian hands 673 years ago, from the ancient capital of the Mongols.

A Feeble Old Hero

It was brought by a feeble old hero, as fat as Falstaff, as brave as Livingstone, as devoted as his friend Francis of Assisi; and the letter was the outcome of one of the most wonderful journeys ever made, through frightful hardship and peril of death.

The hero of it all was a gouty old friar named Joannes de Plano Carpini, an Italian who grew up in Assisi with St. Francis, of whom he was a disciple.

They lived to see the West menaced by the Mongols, who spread from Siberia into China and India, and through Russia into Europe. They conquered the Balkans, they conquered Hungary, Poland, Moravia, Armenia, Georgia, Persia, Syria; they captured Damascus, Aleppo, Samarkand, and many other famous cities; they threatened Jerusalem; they founded the Mogul Empire in India. If our forefathers saw in this the nucleus of world-conquest we can forgive them; if the Mongols believed, as we see they did, that they were rulers of the Earth, we can understand their illusion.

A Ride Never Eclipsed

They were terrible people, thinking of nothing but slaughter, conquest, and spoil. After one of their battles they took to their lord nine large sacks filled with the ears of their victims!

Such were the people to whom the Pope in 1245 sent old Carpini to protest against their invasion of Christian lands.

This wonderful old friar made his way to the dreaded enemy's capital, tarrying for a while en route with no less a man than our Good King Wenceslaus of Bohemia. He had a terrible journey, over mountains, rivers, and lakes, through snow, tempest, and bitter frost, and through hosts of undisciplined Tartars. Providence guided and guarded this old man on his swift ride of 3000 miles which has never been eclipsed.

The World in Peril

Arrived at Karakorum, he was treated with scant ceremony and was always in danger, but he saw Kuyuk crowned Emperor, presented his letters, had his interview, and was dismissed with the contemptuous reply which is now on view at the Vatican. Yet his courageous journey did bear some fruit, for Kuyuk did favour Christians, as did his great kinsman the mighty Kublai Khan in China, whom Marco Polo journeyed on foot from Venice to Peking to see.

Never has the modern world been in more dire peril of barbarous overthrow than in those times of Carpini, and yet out of evil came good. The conquests of the Mongols made the East a domain of terror to the West, and the end was that there grew up a European rivalry which at last led Columbus to sail to the West to find a safer way to the East.

POLAND'S GOOD DEED

SPIRIT OF LOCARNO AT WORK

Growing Friendliness on the German Border

EXPULSION ORDER WITHDRAWN

One of the discoveries at the Locarno Conference was the strength of Poland's desire for peace.

The fixing up of the Treaty between her and Germany was almost the easiest part of the work of the Conference, instead of one of the most difficult as had been expected. And now the Polish Government has done something which shows that Poland wants the peace with her neighbour to be one of real friendship.

In the part of Poland which used to belong to Germany many Germans were settled by the Prussian Government to make it as German as possible. This, of course, made the Poles very angry, and they hated the new settlers. Therefore, when the new Poland was set up after the war, these Germans were in a very uncomfortable position.

A Choice of Nationalities

The League, however, managed to get an agreement made giving the Germans in Poland the choice between becoming Polish subjects and staying where they were, or continuing to be Germans and going away.

Thousands of those who decided to remain German were sent away on August 1, and they suffered seriously through proper preparations not having been made to receive them in Germany. Those, however, were the landless people. Another batch, owning land near the frontier or near a fortress, was due to be expelled in November.

These are the people who excite most hostility by their refusal to become Polish subjects, yet it is now announced by the Polish Government that it will not expel them. The expulsion policy is to be abandoned in view of the new feeling that grew up at Locarno, and Germans are to be allowed to remain in the enjoyment of their land, like the subjects of any other country, even though they live just where they could cause most trouble for Poland if a quarrel arose.

So the peace spirit really has come back to Europe, and where it was least to be expected.

THREE OLD COUPLES

The Wedding Bells in Earl Shilton

A pretty thing happened fifty years ago. Seven couples thought it would be fun to be married at the same time.

The church was at Earl Shilton, in Leicestershire, and there, one autumn day, went seven bridegrooms and seven brides and all their attendants. The bells were rung, and the village turned out to see the brave sight.

And now another pretty thing has happened. Life has spared three of those couples to see the fiftieth anniversary of that long-ago day. They are Mr. and Mrs. Marvin, Mr. and Mrs. Pick, and Mr. and Mrs. Foster. They have held their golden wedding together in the same village of Earl Shilton, with much song and laughter and tales of the old times. Between them they have fifty grandchildren, and, as we can imagine, the threefold party in the little cottages was merry enough. Relatives, friends, and neighbours were all there.

The old people are in excellent health, and after the party was over must have talked among themselves of those things which the children could not remember, the changing sights and sounds of half a century.

SEEING THE WORLD FROM THE SKY

Great Developments with the Camera

WHAT THE FLYING MEN ARE DOING

Great developments are taking place in photography from the air.

Large areas of land are being surveyed from aeroplanes, one such area being over a million square miles in extent.

A new type of camera has been invented which takes a hundred photographs in succession on a long band of sensitive film. These photographs are exposed at fixed intervals by means of an automatic shutter, which can be so arranged that the camera takes a bird's-eye view of the land immediately beneath it from points half a mile apart, or at any other distance. Thousands of such photographs are afterwards joined up in a mosaic pattern, and in this way a huge map is prepared which is not only accurate from a geographical point of view, but shows also the actual trees, rivers and streams, roads and fields, and buildings.

Mosaic of Photographs

All the airman has to do is to fly in a straight line at a fixed speed, and the automatic camera does the rest. When the territory has been crossed the pilot turns about and flies back again over the country along a line parallel to his first flight, and so on. When he has covered the whole area sufficient pictures will have been taken to join together and give a complete mosaic.

Some remote spots in the East and Far East never before surveyed are shortly to be dealt with from the air with the aid of these new film cameras.

In all this surveying and map-making work films are being used which are made sensitive to the red rays of light. These rays penetrate fog and mist, and have revolutionised aerial photography, enabling the airman to get perfect detail in his pictures, even when these are taken on a misty day.

THE BEES AND THE POET

Why the Organ Notes Were Still

There is trouble in the realm of organ music. In the first place there has been a long strike of men engaged in the organ-building trade. It has made repairs difficult and new organs impossible.

Next has come an unaccountable series of raids on churches, where the booty sought by the thieves has been the leaden pipes of the organ. This feature has become so prevalent that vigilance committees are being formed up and down the country.

And the other day, as if tired of all this business, the organ in the parish church of Steeple Barton, near Woodstock, gradually became dumb, for reasons which could not be explained.

Scott, in his famous novel Woodstock, makes rare play with figures and fugitives hidden behind the oak panelling, and hidden figures were at the root of the mischief concerning this dumb organ, for the workmen who were called to investigate the mystery found that bees had taken up their quarters in the pipes and had deposited thirty pounds of honey there.

We cannot but wonder whether the discoverers of this honey recalled those lines from Keats:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

The honeyed silence of the little Oxfordshire church organ has quite unexpectedly responded to the suggestion of the poet.

THE DEAN AND THE DANES

The Foreign Land that Made Him Feel at Home

The Dean of Windsor, Dr. Albert Baillie, has been on a tour of Denmark, and has discovered that it is the only foreign country where he felt at home.

He liked the Danish cleanliness, their lack of fuss and self-consciousness, their easy-going ways, their cheerful good-humour—as, indeed, we all do.

Now, the usefulness of these observations, apart from the fact that the praise of a traveller in a foreign land must always make for international friendship, is that it enables the Dean to check the curious habit so many Englishmen have of laying stress on the defects of their own country rather than on its good points. It is sometimes said that the Englishman thinks it bad form to praise England in the hearing of foreigners, or even to protest when foreigners speak of our faults.

It is quite likely that the Dean, as he was writing of Denmark and not of Britain, did not really intend to pay such a fine tribute to his own country; yet what more could he say of Britain, in speaking of Denmark, than to crown his praises of the Danes by saying that theirs was the only country that made him feel as if he were at home?

BETTER AND BETTER

M. Coué Comes to See Us

It seems only a few months ago that we were all repeating to ourselves the phrase made famous by M. Emil Coué: *Every day and in every way I am getting better and better.*

Simple as it was, silly as many of us thought it, a great deal of good came from it, and those who were able to see M. Coué and hear his lectures had to confess that he had an amazing personality. But now and then we were forced to smile at some of the results of the French scientist's visit, particularly at the story of the poor lame man who tried so hard to make his leg straight by repeating the magic formula.

Now M. Coué is among us again, and although he is nearly 70 he intends to make a tour of England and Scotland by aeroplane. So evidently he is taking his own medicine, and getting better and better every day.

FROZEN ALIVE

Fish that Are No Worse For It

It seems a shocking thing to freeze fish alive to keep them fresh for the market at their journey's end, but it has been found that when they are unfrozen they are just as lively as before, and show no sign of injury or illness!

It was noticed that fish in Siberian rivers that are frozen solid in winter came out all right in the spring, and this gave the idea for experiments which have been going on for some time. The system is now being adopted in America as a regular thing.

The fish are put in a tub into which oxygen is forced, and after being kept three days just above freezing point they are frozen, and the blocks of ice, stripped of the tub, are wrapped up and put into cold storage.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A Peninsular War Gold Cross . . .	£340
A Rembrandt engraving . . .	£168
A rare Old Pretender glass . . .	£105
An engraving by Albert Dürer . . .	£98
Set of six William and Mary chairs . . .	£90
Four 40s. blue English stamps of 1885	
supercharged I.R. Official realised	£55.

FORTY YEARS

REMARKABLE RECORD OF 1200 LIVES

The Happy Relations Possible Between Master and Man

PROUD BOAST OF FOUR COUNTIES

Forty years is a long time; in the days of the Old Testament it was always used as meaning a remarkable period. It is the biggest part of any man's working life.

The Nottingham newspaper on which the editor of the C.N. began his life in journalism has done a useful thing by compiling, in connection with its own fortieth birthday, a list of people in its area who have served forty years continuously with the same employers.

The result is certainly remarkable, for more than 1200 names were received by the Nottingham Evening News, representing nearly 200 employers in four counties. One firm alone, the Stanton Ironworks Company, has more than 250 men still working for it who have been with it forty years or more.

At the head of the list is a wonderful old lady who has worked for the same Nottingham hosiery firm for 68 years, and she is followed by a Loughborough man with 66 years, and by two Nottingham men with 65 years each.

What a Blind Man Has Done

George Waldeck, who has been with Wollaton Colliery Company for 46 years, claims that he has not missed a day during that long period, and has walked nine miles a day on the surface and one mile underground to and from his work.

Another remarkable case is that of Mr. Joseph Bircumshaw, who, although blind since childhood, has worked for 56 years at a Langley Mill pottery works. He has no difficulty in finding his way about the premises, and his work compares favourably with that of any of his fellow workmen.

For two Nottingham tramwaymen with 44 and 40 years of service it is claimed that they have never once been late to take out their cars.

To each person on this Roll of Honour the Nottingham Evening News is presenting a certificate, and we can well imagine that these mementos will remain treasured possessions of them and their families. Such a record shows that neither British employers nor British workmen are so bad as some people try to paint them.

TALKING TO AMERICA

New Tests

New trials are being made of speaking by wireless from England to America at the new Post Office station at Rugby.

Two years ago speech was heard in England from America by the same system, which has been installed by the Western Electric Company. If the tests are successful a wireless telephone service between England and America will be established by the Post Office for use all the year round, and the first great wireless link will be established of the chain that is ultimately to bind together the four corners of the Earth.

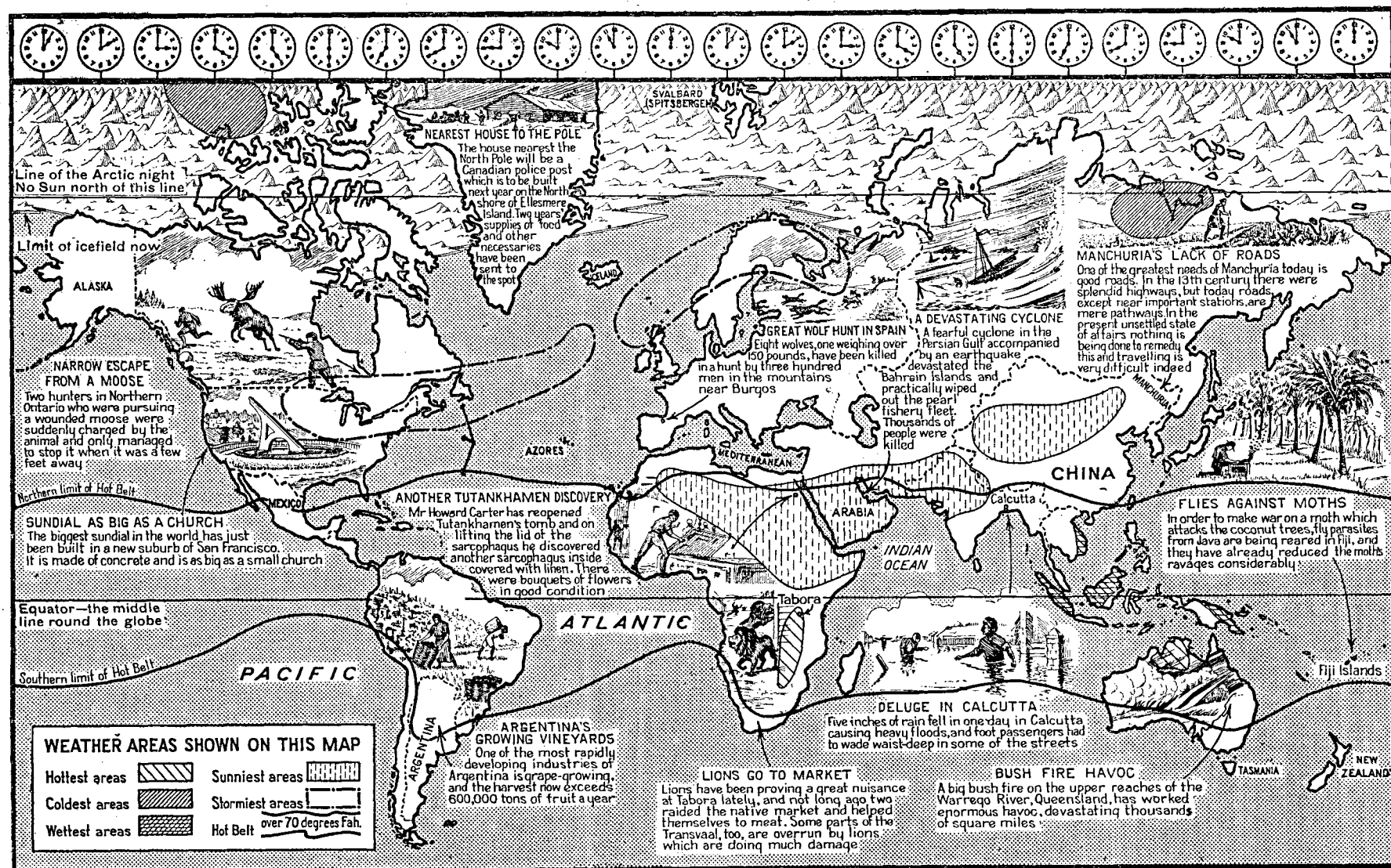
TOY BALLOON'S 700 MILES

Surprise for a Czecho-Slovak

A friend of the C.N. at Oston, near Nottingham, tells us that a toy balloon she sent up not long ago has been picked up at Winterberg, in Czecho-Slovakia.

The balloon was found by a man who, knowing English, wrote to tell the sender where it had landed. He declared himself very surprised, as Winterberg is about seven hundred miles from Nottingham, and the Bohemian Forest, a big range of mountains, lies in the way.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



A PLACE BELOVED IN THE WAR And Saved for Us in Peace

Ashridge Park has been saved for all lovers of beauty, and no hand will ever be laid against its lofty ash trees and noble beeches, spreading their arms wide over the dim and solemn aisles which lead from the heathland through the forest down to the lawns and the historic home of the Brownlow family.

Thousands of men who served as officers in the Great War will rejoice at the preservation of this lovely place, for it was in Ashridge Park that the Inns of Court Officers Training Corps learned the art of leadership. Perhaps 10,000 officers, from first to last, came, often from lands thousands of miles from these islands, from South America, from Malay and the Dutch East Indies, from the Hawaiians and the Fijis, from Australasia, from Russia and China and Japan, and they learned to love the noble trees beneath which they rested to eat their bread and cheese and drink from their water bottles at the end of a hard day's marching.

Of these gallant spirits many never came back. They will not see the trees of Ashridge any more, for they have found a last resting place in France or Flanders, on the lonely shore of Gallipoli, in the wastes of Mesopotamia or the jungles of Tanganyika. But of those who survive there are not a few who delight to revisit the scene of their first soldiering, with its comradeship and songs and the return home that was never denied.

NEW THING ON AN ENGINE

The Driver's "Crocodile"

Electric contacts placed on the railway line, which operate a signal inside the cab of the engine and warn the driver that the signal is against him, are being used in increasing numbers on the French railways. They are known as crocodiles.

JOHN AND BARBARA Children's Tribute to Our Seamen

The Children of Britain realise what the sailors have done for them, and are anxious to do the same for the sailors.

So said John Penn Cockerton, aged thirteen, when his colleague, Barbara Hancock, unveiled a table at the Angas Convalescent Home for Seamen the other day.

Boys and girls belonging to schools throughout the Empire have subscribed £1000 to endow a bed at this fine home, and they are now collecting the money for a second bed. The tablet above the bed states that it was endowed by British girls and boys as a memorial to seamen in recognition of their courage and bravery throughout the War, and of their endurance amid the perils of their daily toil.

There were many grown-up people at the ceremony, but the unveiling and the speech explaining it were left for representatives of the young subscribers themselves. Like a wise man, John had learned his speech off beforehand, but he spoke it bravely and clearly. Barbara's task was easier!

HARD TIMES FOR MILLIONAIRES

A Beautiful House Pulled Down

Life is becoming harder even for the rich; not even a millionaire can have all he wants in these days.

Not many years ago Cornelius Vanderbilt, one of America's richest men, built a very beautiful house in New York's famous Fifth Avenue; but the site it was built on grew so valuable that in a very short time he found the tax upon it too heavy even for his long purse.

So he found a home elsewhere and his house was pulled down. In its place the world's tallest hotel has now been built, with 56 storeys.

A TEAR FOR TUTANKHAMEN Flowers of Remembrance

Once again a ray of light has gleamed on the sarcophagus of Tutankhamen, which was hidden for so many centuries within its rocky tomb in the Valley of the Kings that the memory of the dead ruler of Egypt had faded to a name.

When the tomb was first found again and its splendour and wonder were revealed it was as if a new star lit by the rays of discovery had blazed forth in the heavens, and the majesty, dominion, and power of Tutankhamen were in all men's mouths. Then, as new stars will, the glory faded and it has seemed for a year or more as if the king had sunk back into silence and the darkness. A flash of brilliance and then forgetfulness, perhaps because it was the trappings of kingship which were all that remained of Tutankhamen and little to tell of the man he was.

But the second ray which has awakened his past has been human and more kind. On the inner sarcophagus some reverent, pitying hand laid, not gold or precious stones, but flowers that could last but a day. Three thousand years or more the flowers have lain in the darkness of the mountain tomb, their bloom faded, their perfume gone. But the reverent and sorrowful act smells sweet and blossoms in the dust. It tells better than any pageantry of woe that someone loved the king and sorrowed for him.

TREASURES OF LAMBETH

Some of the loveliest old furniture in London has passed into the safe keeping of the English Church for ever.

It is the historic collection in Lambeth Palace, the home in London of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and includes more than a thousand pieces. Up to now each new Archbishop has had to buy the furniture, but a few Churchmen have just given enough money to buy the furniture for the Church.

THE SHAH LOSES HIS THRONE Persia Tired of an Absent Ruler

A SOLDIER'S RISE TO POWER

A romantic chapter of history has opened in Persia.

The Shah, having been absent from his country so long, loving the life of the Riviera more than the cares of the throne of his own country, has been deposed with the ruling house to which he belongs; and the great man in Persia is now the Prime Minister, Reza Khan, who has been given authority to rule the country according to the Constitution.

Reza Khan has risen from a very humble life to the highest post his country can give him. He was a private soldier in the ranks of the Cossack Brigade, and step by step he has raised himself in influence and power.

Beginning his career in an army to maintain order in Northern Persia, he was put in command when the foreign officers left the country, and in 1920 he led 3000 men to Teheran, the capital, and overthrew the Cabinet. He made himself a member of the new Government, and later became Prime Minister. Since then he has retired from politics and returned to private life, but the Persian Parliament having called him back his position is now greatly strengthened and the question of the day in Persia seems to be whether Reza Khan will become a President or a King.

VERY CLEVER

A New Idea for the Housewife

A clever electric iron has appeared on the American market. When it is hot enough to scorch the clothes the current is switched off until it cools a little, and then on goes the heat again.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 14 1925

The Announcer

FIRST there is silence. The Earth seems silenced to a hush of expectancy. Then Big Ben booms out the hour to unite us to the listening world of men, and from among that far-stretching multitude one voice speaks. It is the Announcer.

There is authority in the voice and a friendliness we welcome with the warmth of recognition. Yet he is very human to us. Few can resist the idea at times that if we answered his grave salutation he would hear us and be pleased, though he stands so far away from us. He sounds so near and is so remote. Our feeling towards him has something in it of the little lad's longing for a nod of recognition from the lamplighter in R.L.S.

For we are very lucky with a lamp before the door
And Leerie stops to light it, as he lights so many more.
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight!

The Announcer, though he lights the lamps for the million, cannot give a nod to any one of them, yet he has a word for all, and the marvel is that he does it so adroitly that we can almost forget the other million listeners and believe he is uttering a private aside for us. He makes us wonder what manner of man he is, always ready with the right sentence, always deliberate, always with the touch that brings us into the right humour for listening. And then, when all is over, his Good-Night has a sort of regret in it at parting, yet a sort of cheerfulness because we are sure to meet again. Once we heard him, when he had said Good-Night to America and had paused to let us hear Big Ben strike the midnight chimes, add out of his own inspiration, as a requiem, the words of one of W. B. Yeats's poems; they came out of the stillness without a word to introduce them, and therefore more impressively:

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read and dream. . . .

So he speaks out of his high place in space to the listening sphere. We learn that with the new European wireless agreements coming into play, and Daventry or London speaking to the people of France, Germany, Sweden, or Italy, the Announcer must speak all these tongues. What a man, what an audience, what a power! Yet even then, with the Announcer to All Mankind, we shall still feel that, like the distant whispering star, he will be talking quietly with each one of us, as with a friend.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Waterloo and Locarno

IF we are looking for a memorial in London for the victory of Locarno why not build an entirely new Waterloo Bridge as a peace memorial?

So asks a correspondent in The Times. It seems a good idea, but there is a better. Why not build the Bridge of Peace at Charing Cross, and give us Waterloo and Locarno side by side?

The White Column

There is no greater loneliness than this About the Cenotaph. Remote it stands, Afar from all the clamour and the press Of men, with their swift loves and busy hands.

Of old, One Cross upon a mournful hill
Called weary souls, of quietude bereft,
To peace and sweet surrendering of will;
And here again men's spirits find a rest.
Their bleeding hearts they lay among
the flowers
And think how this white column rears
its head
Above the horror of those burning hours
And broods above the spirits of the dead.
The Cenotaph and Cross their secret
keep;

The dead are very quiet in their sleep.
FLORA SANDSTRÖM

The King's English Outside the King's Palace

OUR good auctioneer friend Mr. Hurcomb, whose advertisements are often more interesting than the editorial articles, has been looking out for bad spelling in high places, and he has found it.

It is much too common. For a year the King's English has been publicly mis-spelt at Wellington Barracks, close to the King's palace, and at Waterloo Mr. Hurcomb has found three mistakes on one poster! We ourselves remember seeing a word mis-spelt on the door of a Government office facing the House of Commons.

All of which is one more witness in favour of the C.N. idea of putting a bright boy into the Cabinet!

How We Might Have Lost Cromwell

Next week is the anniversary of the Grand Remonstrance of the House of Commons against Charles Stuart. It is worth while to recall this passage from Green's Short History.

THE new King's party fought fiercely, debate followed debate, the sittings were prolonged until lights had to be brought in; and it was only at midnight, and by a majority of eleven, that the Remonstrance was fully adopted. Some waved their hats over their heads, and others took their swords in their scabbards out of their belts, and held them by the pommels in their hands, setting the lower part on the ground.

The Remonstrance was felt on both sides to be a crisis in the struggle. "Had it been rejected," said Cromwell, as he left the House, "I would have left England for ever."

Hide and Seek With a King

IT comes to our notice that there is a friend of ours living who used to know an old lady whose aunt lived about George the Third's Court. One of the memories of her is that she was once present at a game of Hide and Seek with the king, and would call out *King, King, here am I!*

Tip-Cat

A CLASS of Welsh miners in Rhosllanerchrugog is studying Greek. Trying to understand where they live, no doubt.

IN modern life the small man is best. Little and good.

SOMEBODY has been trying to stop wireless—by cutting the wire!

A READER has a hen which has laid two eggs in a day. But we know a bricklayer who can lay two bricks in an hour.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

If we hurt a joke
when we crack it.

it has not had such a long run as the Choirless Wire.

A BOY Scout has done a bad turn—to a rat.

MANY sports have their songs. Though some people's playing is nothing to make a song about.

A MEMBER of the Rocket family has been fined for discharging fireworks. But what are Rockets for?

We Live and Learn

By a C.N. Reader

GRANDAD, Grandad, the birds be after your cat! a voice shrilled out, as its owner of some three summers ran agitatedly down a garden path over whose box borders he could scarcely see.

"Silly little boy!" I called after him, with all the scorn of six superior years; "birds don't chase cats."

But that was in the old, old, far-off days, and I am wiser now. I looked from the window of an upper room not long ago, and to my horror saw a cat pounce upon a baby thrush and make off with it.

I gave a shout which so startled the cat that it dropped the thrush. Instantly the parent birds swooped down, and I saw them chase the cat, almost pecking it as it ran.

There came to me the echoes of a far-away, small, shrill voice crying, *Grandad, Grandad, the birds be after your cat!* and I reflected humbly that perhaps he was right, after all.

Ironsides

WE ride away from love and play
To toil and moil and battle;
The fields of May are green and gay,
But pikes begin to rattle:

When Freedom calls, and men obey,
They live beyond their mortal day.
We would not live and love as clay
Or toil and die as cattle.

OUR beards shall grow as white as snow,

Our heads be bent and hoary,
But still we'll go to deal our blow
If Freedom calls to glory.

In vain for us the firesides glow:
We would not say the struggle no,
Not live without a wound or woe
And die without a story. J.B.

A Short Story of a Long Life

THOMAS ROGERS has been working for 75 years. He is now 85.

How does that strike you? Does it make you feel sorry for the poor old man, and say he should have retired on a pension long ago? Then you do not know Thomas Rogers.

He is an upright, dignified man, proud of the beautiful things that have come from his turnery lathe during those 75 years of work for one firm. If he retired, if he became part of the past instead of the present, a drone instead of a creator, he would be wretched. So would Thomas Hardy if he were told that he had earned a rest and should never touch a pen again. So would Mr. Edison be if he were told that he must never think out another invention.

One of the saddest things in the world is the new attitude to work. Instead of feeling the old pride in his calling a man too often regards his work as hateful drudgery, and longs to escape from it.

In any sort of State the people who can live without working are very few. Most of us must spend our lives at work of some sort. Therefore it behoves us to consider carefully, before we embark on a career, whether it can be our pleasure and pride. The man who goes grudgingly to his work is of little use to the world, and dies soon after he gets his pension. The man with a hold on life is the man like Thomas Rogers, who at 85 is neither an invalid nor a wage-slave but the happy creator of beautiful things.

Dean Alford's Prayer

O Lord, give us more charity, more self-denial, more likeness to Thee. Teach us to sacrifice our comforts to others, and our likings for the sake of doing good. Make us kindly in thought, gentle in word, generous in deed. Teach us that it is better to give than to receive; better to forget ourselves than to put ourselves forward; better to minister than to be ministered unto.

You will be content with life if you make good use of it. RENAN

JUBILEE OF A LETTER TO FLEET STREET

THE CALL FROM AFRICA

How it Came to London and
How it was Answered

UGANDA FOR THE FLAG

This month is a jubilee of a letter, a letter written in the wilds of Africa, left in the scorching sun in a dead man's pocket by the Nile, and at last delivered in Fleet Street with wonderful results. It was signed H. M. Stanley, and it was a letter which fills a place not only in the story of the British Empire, but also in the history of the Church.

H. M. Stanley we know; a poor Welsh boy, he found his home in America, and made his way till he became a great journalist. Then the great chance of his life came. He was suddenly invited by the New York Herald to find Livingstone, and he found him. That is why whenever we hear his name we say, "That was the man who found Livingstone in the heart of Africa." And Stanley was proud to be remembered as Livingstone's friend.

Stanley and King M'tesa

Livingstone died in his African hut in 1873, but Stanley lived on to make many journeys in Africa before he settled down and became an M.P.

In 1875 he arrived in Uganda, a country at that time very little known. Its king was called M'tesa; and with him the traveller used to talk about many things. Stanley had not been the friend of Livingstone for nothing; he had seen in that great man what practical religion means; and now he wished to teach M'tesa about the white man's God. The king wanted to hear more. He was greatly attracted by the teaching. Then it came into Stanley's heart to write a long letter to the paper for which he was working, that fine paper The Daily Telegraph.

How the Letter was Sent

Today he would have telegraphed the letter, or even sent it by wireless, but in 1875 Uganda was far away from anywhere. The only chance was to find a traveller going by way of the Nile back to Egypt. At that time General Gordon, who was in Khartum, had sent a young Belgian to Uganda, to find out all he could about the land. The name of the Belgian was Linant de Bellefonds. It was to him, as he set off back to Gordon, that Stanley entrusted his precious letter.

But the young Belgian never reached Khartum; on his journey he and his party were attacked by a tribe of Africans known as the Bari, who killed the man with the letter, and left his body on the banks of the Nile, where it lay until an expedition sent from Egypt came to seek for the lost traveller. They found the young Belgian's body and his long knee-boots, and in one of the boots, stained with blood, they discovered the long letter.

A Call to Service

In due time the letter was brought to England, and delivered in Fleet Street, and we may be sure that all the readers of the paper, before they turned to other columns, read what Stanley had to say about a strange and rich country on the borders of the great lake. The letter was a thrilling call to the nation and Church.

King M'tesa of Uganda has been asking me about the white man's God (it said). Oh that some practical missionary would come here! M'tesa would give him anything he desired—houses, land, cattle, ivory. It is the practical Christian who can cure their diseases, build dwellings, teach farming, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted.

Such a one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. Where is there, in all the pagan world, a more

AN OLD PAPER ABOUT SHAKESPEARE

ONE of our modern playwrights and critics, Mr. St. John Ervine, has in his possession one of the most alluring manuscripts that have come to light for a long, long time.

It is a diary written in the days of Elizabeth, in which the diarist has set down a number of things about the great dramatist who was the glory of that time and a heritage to England for all time. It was a man of quality who wrote the diary, and we are told that he speaks again and again of Shakespeare.

Seeing that we have so little evidence of Shakespeare from his own time, it is exciting news that there may be an intimate picture of him in this diary, showing him in his manner as he lived. If it proves to be so we shall all wonder that these human touches could be buried all these hundreds of years in the pages of a diary that nobody troubled to turn over in a Tudor house.

Yet in a way it would be more astonishing if somewhere in the thousands of letters that have been written, and the diaries that have been put away and forgotten, there

should not be some treasures of story and anecdote and information about the great men and great deeds of the past. Even in the well-gleaned fields of our national libraries, the British Museum, the Bodleian, the Record Office, a priceless scrap of information now and again leaps to light.

Often we hear of some unsuspected masterpiece of painting being found again, but the scraps of paper which are beyond price because of a few words written on them, must far outnumber the pictures. When somebody complained that so many famous paintings which so long had been heirlooms in England were being sold to America, an artist pointed out that, though this was sad, there was a bright side to it, because the fame of the prices paid was leading hundreds of people in country houses to examine their old paintings again to see if any were of unrealised value.

Let us hope our old houses will in the same way search their archives for old papers. We remember that the priceless Stuart papers were found in the rubbish heap of an old garret.

THE CLIMBING FIREMEN OF MADRID



Madrid has been having an Exhibition of Municipal Services and many interesting demonstrations have been given. Here we see the firemen of the city showing how, by means of slender ladders, they can quickly reach the highest floors of a very tall building

promising field for a Mission? Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity; embrace it! The people upon the shores of the Nyanza call upon you.

To the credit of our fathers and grandfathers let it be said that they did not let the letter from the boot go unanswered: Two rich men gave £5000 each; and there were others who had a life to give and gave it freely.

One of these was a young engineer and surveyor called Alexander Mackay. He saw Stanley's letter and heard the appeal for men, and Mackay of Rhynie, in Aberdeenshire, became Mackay of Uganda. Others set out with him. Some died by the way; some, like Bishop

Hannington, a little later in the story, won the crown of martyrdom. But the Church Missionary Society (for it was this society which was the first to answer the letter) did not cease from its task. Today Uganda is a British Protectorate, with more than three million people. It has mountains covered with snow, and plains rich in crops. Its tribes are being trained, and in the heart of the country is a cathedral, built by the Africans themselves. Our readers could travel through that land with safety today, and the wonderful change has come to pass because fifty years ago a brave man wrote a letter, and brave men answered it.

SAD SCENES IN DAMASCUS

A TERRIBLE EVENT

The Folly of the General Ruling
for the League

PRECIOUS LIFE AND TREASURE GONE

A very sad thing has happened. Beautiful Damascus, one of the world's most famous cities, believed by many to be the oldest city left, full of beautiful palaces containing priceless treasures, has been bombarded by the French general who ruled Syria under mandate from the League of Nations, and a large part of it lies in ruins.

The cause of the mischief is not easy to understand. The people of the country round had been getting out of hand, and in the general lawlessness brigands from outside had joined up with bad characters in the city, and had begun rioting and looting. But it is believed that there were only a few hundred altogether, and that the soldiers and police could have enforced order.

A Fatal Decision

But General Sarraïl, the French High Commissioner, decided that a revolution was beginning, and he withdrew the troops from the city and shelled the town. He shelled it for 24 hours, and bombed it from aeroplanes. But the looting, so far from ending, went on all the time, as the shells and bombs laid open the rich interiors of the shops and houses and palaces.

The French residents were taken to a place of safety before the shelling began, but the rest of the Europeans were left without warning. These were protected from the rioters by the Moslem citizens, and when it was all over these Moslem citizens, whose property had been destroyed, were told that they must raise a hundred thousand Turkish pounds as an indemnity for the rioting, or the bombardment would begin again.

Priceless Buildings Destroyed

The whole area between the great Hamidieh Bazaar and the Street which is called Straight (where the blinded Paul hid from his enemies) has been destroyed. What is known as the Great Mosque has escaped, but the beautiful Senaniyeh Mosque, with its green and blue tiles, has a large hole in the roof, and many of its mosaic windows have been destroyed. Of the Palace of Azm only the bare walls remain; its precious contents have been smashed or carried off. All the recent archaeological discoveries were housed here, with many other rare treasures valued by the whole Moslem world, and it was celebrated for its marble and mosaics. The houses of great Arab families that have been destroyed were rich in decorations.

A New Policy Needed

French anger against General Sarraïl has been steadily growing since first the Druse tribe of Jebel (the Hill of Bashan) rose against the misgovernment of one of his lieutenants. It is satisfactory to know that the General has been recalled, but unrest has spread over the whole district. The harvest has been lost, and trade disorganised, and the number of brigands infesting road and railway have been indefinitely multiplied.

The French are justly proud of their management of Arab populations, and it was on that record that the League Mandate for Syria was committed to them. We may be sure they will be swift to correct the terrible blunders; so far as they can be corrected, made in their name in Syria, and in any case the whole civilised world will be pleased to hear that General Sarraïl has been removed.

Picture on page 12

A GOOD MAN IN A BAD CAUSE

ROBERT E. LEE

Leader of the Slavery Forces in the Civil War

A SOLDIER AND A MAN

ROBERT E. LEE THE SOLDIER. By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. Constable, 15s.

General Maurice's deeply interesting and brilliantly written book is about Robert Lee the Soldier, but it tells us nevertheless about what matters more, Robert Lee the Man. And though the soldier fought in a bad cause we learn nevertheless to love the man for his simple and loyal devotion to the cause which to him seemed a good one.

Lee fought on the side of the Southern States and slavery in the Civil War of 1861-1865. His father, like other near relations, had fought against England in the War of Independence, but in later years, as Governor of Virginia, had stood for the sovereignty of his State against what he thought the undue interference of the central Government at Washington. "Virginia is my country," he said; "her I will obey." And it was in the same spirit of obedience to the call of Virginia that his son fought his battles.

The Years of Deadly Conflict

He thought slavery was wrong, and he had freed his own slaves; but he thought each State should decide the question for itself. He thought it wrong to leave the Union, but when his State called her sons to resist the Northern invasion he felt that he must obey.

He was already 54 and a distinguished general in the United States army, and President Lincoln actually offered him the command of the Northern army in the field. He refused, resigned, and was about to enlist as a common soldier in the army of his State when he was made Chief of Staff to Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern States. But his main work was as head of the armies of Northern Virginia, defending Richmond, the Confederate capital.

For three years he swayed backward and forward in this section of the seat of war, in deadly conflict with overwhelmingly superior forces. His supreme skill was in manoeuvring to get a local superiority over a section of the enemy, and inflict defeat on it before reinforcements could come up.

The Inevitable Surrender

He knew the South could never beat the North, but his hope was that the North could be made to find the work of conquest so tiresome and costly that the right of secession of the South might at last be granted. To do this it was necessary if possible to carry the war into Northern territory, and twice he succeeded in invading Maryland.

But after the terrible defeat of Gettysburg his forces, ragged and largely barefoot, were too small for anything but defence. Inch by inch the ground was contested with amazing resourcefulness, until at Appomattox the inevitable surrender was made to General Grant.

Among the Great Ones

Lee had thought the political question of Union more important than the moral question of slavery, and that was his profound mistake of judgment; but he was a simple-minded, simple living, and deeply religious man. He spent the remaining years of his life as President of Washington University in "training young men of the South to forget the quarrels of the past and to be good Americans." Today his memory is equally honoured in North and South.

As a soldier General Maurice puts him in the company of Alexander, Hannibal, Julius Caesar, and Napoleon, ranking him definitely above Wellington; and as a man we may put him where we will among the great ones of the Earth.

THE OLD LADY VALIANT

Mrs. Besant as the Happy Warrior

On the Sunday evenings of this autumn an old lady has been wont to stand on the platform of a great hall in London, in order to speak to a packed audience which has thronged to meet her. As she pauses behind the flowers, the people always stand to welcome her in silence, for this is their teacher, Mrs. Annie Besant.

Many years she has stood thus on platforms. Her head is bowed now and her hair white, for she is nearing eighty years, but forty years ago she stood as composedly before audiences who did not always greet her with such reverence. They might contradict her or shout at her, but she held high the head that is now weighed with years, for she was ever a fighter. For forty years, and perhaps it is more than that, she has preached her crusade against what seemed to her injustice whether it was to the downtrodden of India or the outcast among her own people.

She may have been right, she may have been wrong, but she has declared the truth as she sees it, with a heart that never sank and an eye that never quailed. Governments have threatened her, but she has gone on, and as she has grown older the fighter has become a fighter for peace and for brotherhood above all things. No strife for her, no class war, no setting up of one nation over another, but brotherhood between each and charity towards all.

One of the most remarkable women of her time is this old warrior, who now is a messenger of peace.

AN ANIMAL FAIR

Making the World Better for Dumb Creatures

There is to be an Animal Fair at the Central Hall, Westminster, at the end of this month, where visitors will be able to inspect the latest humanitarian substitutes for animal products in dress, food, and fancy goods.

The fair is being organised by men and women united in their determination to make the world a better place for animals as well as for human beings.

Not every member of the council is a vegetarian. Some of its members will not eat the flesh of birds, beasts, or fishes. Others prefer to concern themselves with seeing that animals killed for mankind are killed as painlessly as possible. There are supporters of the movement who will not wear boots and shoes of leather because animals have to die in order that such needs may be supplied, and will not use anything in which leather forms the material, wholly or partly.

But all members of the council are agreed that there is room for improvement in the way we treat animals, even if the improvement is a slow process.

GOOD NEWS FOR AIRSHIPS

New Sources of Helium

The need for helium is imperative if the airship is to play a real part in aerial navigation. So far it has only been obtained from certain sources of natural gas in Texas and elsewhere.

Experiments carried out in Berlin have shown a new way of making helium from a by-product of the Linde oxygen works, and another source recently discovered is the monazite sand used for obtaining thorium for gas mantles. Every pound of this sand, when heated to a sufficiently high temperature, has been found to give off a pint of helium gas.

Helium, though heavier than hydrogen, has great lifting powers, and is neither poisonous nor inflammable.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Three cottages and half an acre of land were sold for £80 in Bedfordshire.

In Great Britain last year 24,000 tons of sugar were produced from 22,000 acres of beet.

A potato with a waist of 17 inches and weighing over two pounds has been dug up in a Yorkshire garden.

Retiring at 101

The Rev. Christopher Cook, rector of Mamhilad, near Pontypool, has resigned after 70 years. He is 101.

Every Little Helps

A girl of nine has given 78 farthings, her savings for a year, to the Royal Chest Hospital, City Road, London.

A White Sparrow

A pure white English sparrow has been presented to the Saskatchewan Museum in Canada.

Children and Public-Houses

Stoke-on-Trent Guardians have forbidden children from their institutions to take situations in public-houses.

Platelayer Mayor

Alderman Timms, of Dunstable, is the first platelayer in England to be elected Mayor.

Miners Learning Greek

Some young Welsh coal miners have formed a class to study Greek, the only class of its kind in Europe.

An Unexpected Passenger

A young bittern, blown out to sea in a storm, arrived exhausted on the liner Olympic 600 miles from New York.

Cat Stops the Music

Getting into the organ of a parish church in Buckinghamshire, a white cat stopped the organ during a service.

The Last Rose of Summer

A trailing wild rose was found in full bloom by a C.N. reader in a quiet Somersetshire lane during the last week of October.

Lord Rector Nansen

Dr. Nansen, the famous Arctic explorer, has been elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, defeating Mr. John Galsworthy, the novelist, by 216 votes to 160.

Tale of a Rat's Tail

A rat got into the transformer of an electric power-house at Peterborough and stopped three brickworks for hours, yet escaped after losing its tail.

A Curious Treasure Trove

During the pulling down of an old house near Bergamo, in Italy, a human skull filled with gold and silver coins was found hidden in a hollow wall.

A Cat's Walking Feat

A policeman's cat, which walked from Sutton-on-Trent back to its home at Huthwaite, Notts, has walked back to Sutton, a total distance of 62 miles.

A Cat Rescue

Hundreds of people cheered a Reading man who was lowered over the River Kennet with a rope round his waist and rescued a cat under a factory bridge.

A Poor Platform

During the Canadian election campaign a platform gave way under a Liberal speaker, and he was, of course, immediately accused of "standing on a poor platform."

Chess Championship for Girls

Girls between 12 and 21 who wish to compete in the Girls' Open Chess Championship next January should send in their names now to Mrs. Arthur Rawson, President of the Imperial Chess Club.

Mr. J. L. Paton

The friends of Mr. J. L. Paton, the famous master of Manchester High School, who is now principal of the new Newfoundland Memorial College at St. John's, will be glad to know that the college has just been formally opened.

The Worst War Memorial?

A member of Bradford City Council declared at a meeting the other day that the Bradford War Memorial, "with its menacing bayonets," is universally known as the worst memorial in the country.

SILKWORMS BY MACHINERY

An Italian Idea

NEW LIFE FOR A THREATENED INDUSTRY

A veritable nightmare is in store for silkworms if the project now being examined by the Italian Ministry of National Economy is carried out.

The cultivation of silkworms has long been studied to see whether any real way can be found of making a modern industry of it, and doubtless the rapid growth of artificial silk has caused experts to go more seriously into what is a matter of national importance.

By the mechanical method now suggested the changing of the bedding and spreading of the silkworms will all be done by machinery, and the gathering of the mulberry leaves on which they feed will be mechanical too. The mulberry leaves are to be cut by a sort of mowing machine working vertically.

The silkworms themselves are to be hatched out in incubators, and as they hatch they are to be placed on slowly-moving endless bands. As they grow they are to be transferred from one band to another where they get more food, and so on, until at last they are transferred to bands provided with mulberry branches. Here, in due course, they turn into cocoons, and the cocoons are eventually removed by machinery and transferred to an automatic drier.

The Coming Superworm

The silkworms will hardly be touched by hand, and the process will be continuous day and night, so that enormous numbers of cocoons may be produced at a very low cost as compared with the cost of present methods.

An interesting thing is happening at the Canton Christian College, where there is a special research department devoted to silkworms. China, India, and Japan have been searched for the finest specimens of silkworms, and it is hoped shortly to produce a "superworm" that will be free from the attacks of the many diseases which cause loss at present. The Chinese eggs are sold on sheets of stiff paper, about a quarter of a million eggs attached to each sheet. Until recently a large proportion of the eggs were often diseased and did not hatch out, but the work of the Christian College has resulted in methods of distributing eggs free from disease, so that every egg hatches out.

The silkworms hatched out from one sheet will eat a ton and a half of mulberry leaves in a fortnight!

ARE ALL MEN EQUAL?

By Sir Francis Younghusband

Men are not equal—never have been and never will be. Even the best Governor excels only (or principally) in governing. He soon finds that those he governs excel him in many respects. He goes out shooting in the jungle and discovers that he is a perfect fool beside the jungle men in jungle lore. He meets an Indian artist and finds that he is hopelessly behind the Indian in painting. And, being a gentleman, he respects them for their excellence, as he has a right to expect them to respect him for his excellence.

The real point is that the higher can and should elevate the lower. The jungle man can make the Governor a better sportsman. The Indian artist can increase the Governor's love of beauty. And to both artist and jungle man the Governor can teach much in the art of governing.

If the higher did this there would be rich and stimulating variety—which there certainly would not be if all were on a dead level of stagnant equality, each one as bad as the other.

THE EMPTY BUS

Crowding Up the Street

A POINT FOR THE TRAFFIC BOARD

How often it happens that the way out of a difficult problem is extremely simple! What could be simpler than the White Line at dangerous corners? What could be simpler than one-way traffic at busy points? Both these ideas are working wonderfully well.

We suggest to the Ministry of Transport that another very simple way of relieving the traffic problem is to take the empty buses off the streets. Something has been done in this direction, but not enough, and we are glad to see that Sir Henry Maybury, our Director of Roads, is inclined to agree with us.

The C.N. once made some notes on the way from Victoria to Ludgate Circus about ten in the morning. Twenty buses passed on one route with 200 people in them; *four buses would have held them all*. Sixty buses nearly empty passed on one side of the Strand. Between twenty and thirty buses had five people in; over fifty had ten people. These buses would have held nearly four thousand people; actually they held about 650.

From Fleet Street to Victoria

Of buses going from Fleet Street to Victoria two had nobody in; seven had one passenger and seven had two; eleven had three; ten had four; twelve had five; one had six; and one had seven.

It is easy to imagine what a relief it would be to traffic if every unnecessary bus were off the streets. The new buses need over eight yards to stand in, so that fifty of them would occupy about a quarter of a mile. It is not easy, of course, to decide which buses are unnecessary, and often a bus fills rapidly at given points; but there have been in the last few years far too many buses on the streets. It is a problem not easily to be solved as long as people go where they will when they will.

MAY SHE ENTER THE TEMPLE?

Strange Case of a Fire Worshipper

PRIVY COUNCIL LOOKS INTO IT

Our English judges have had to decide another queer case concerning the religious customs of India.

A young woman named Bella, who had a white father and a Parsee mother, had accepted the religion of the Parsees taught by Zoroaster, which includes the worship of fire. But the Parsees of Rangoon, where she lived, urged that she was not a Parsee, and was therefore not entitled to enter the temple. The Indian courts decided against them, so they appealed to the Judicial Committee of the King's Privy Council.

The Privy Council has come to a queer decision which will satisfy neither side. First, it decided that Bella is a Zoroastrian, having accepted the faith taught by Zoroaster. Next it decided that she was not a Parsee, as only the children of Parsee fathers are Parsees themselves, according to Parsee custom. Then it decided that the fire temples were only for Parsees by birth and not for Zoroastrian converts of other races. So it decided that Bella could not claim admission to the temple by right.

But it decided, finally, nevertheless, that the people bringing the action had no power to keep her out, as they did not own the temple. The temple is in the hands of trustees, and no application has been made by them. Whether they could get leave to exclude her from the temple is left in doubt.

THE DANIELS CAR

A Brave Deed to be Remembered

When the Pullman sleeping-car Sirocco comes out of the repair shops, spick and span, after its partial wreck in a recent accident near Rockport, New Jersey, it will have a new name.

In future it is to be called Daniels, in honour of the Negro conductor who had charge of the car when it was wrecked. Oscar J. Daniels, when the wrecked engine of the train was belching forth clouds of scalding steam, managed to close the door of the car and thus save the occupants from being enveloped in the boiling vapour, but he himself was fatally scalded. He was still alive when the doctors rushed to the scene, but, like Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen, he waved the doctor away, telling him to attend an injured child lying near whose need, the brave Negro murmured, was greater than his own.

This is the first time a Pullman car has been named after an employee of the company, and it is a fine and worthy tribute, all the more worth remembering because of the prejudice in so many parts of the United States against the members of the great black race.

BURROWING UNDER MANCHESTER

A Tube at £250,000 a Mile

Before long, it seems, London may no longer be the only city in England to have a system of tube railways.

A very interesting piece of news is that Manchester is considering building one, which would probably consist of an Inner Circle, with branches radiating from Piccadilly. Few people have any idea of the enormous cost of underground-railway building, and the Manchester figures are remarkable.

The experts think that the tube would cost between £250,000 and £300,000 a mile. They estimate that if it cost altogether £250,000,000, and only carried two hundred million passengers a year it would pay; and as the trams carry 350 million passengers yearly the possibilities are thought to be enormous.

An important point for the engineers is that the tube would run chiefly through red sandstone, so that very little underground propping would have to be done.

IGNORANCE AFTER WAR

One of the Prices the Future Pays

If there were any need of new arguments against war, we could find one in the illiteracy figures which have just been published in Paris. These show that among French boys between the ages of 16 and 20 there are no fewer than 300,000 who can neither read nor write, and as many again who can hardly do either.

So we have this host of ignorant young people in the Republic which has at all times placed intelligence high among national virtues. These are the children whose teachers were called up during the war, and left their class-rooms masterless, and this is the sort of evil that war brings in its train long after the actual miseries of the conflict are at an end.

WONDERFUL SCALES

The Carnegie Institute of Chicago is using a remarkable pair of scales in a thorough investigation of the various changes that take place in our bodies.

They are so delicate that they record weight lost in a few seconds by perspiration or by exercise, and the subjects are weighed every night and morning to ascertain how much weight has been lost while asleep.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

How Far Away is the Pole Star?

Polaris, or the Pole Star, is reckoned to be about 44 light years away from the Earth.

What Does the Phrase Scribere Jussit Amor Mean?

These words, found in Ovid's *Heroides*, mean Love has bidden me write.

What Does a Cubic Foot of Snow Weigh?

Freshly-fallen snow weighs from five to twelve pounds a cubic foot; but if the snow is wet owing to rain it may weigh from 15 to 50 pounds a cubic foot.

Of what Stone are the Egyptian Pyramids Built?

Mostly of limestone, but some were originally faced with granite, and many of the inside chambers are faced with granite.

How can the Cubic Contents of a Cone be Found?

Multiply the slant height by the circumference of the base, and divide the result by two, then to the result add the area of the base.

When was Chloroform Discovered?

Chloroform was discovered simultaneously by Eugene Soubeiran, a Frenchman, and Baron Liebig, a German, in 1831. It was first used as an anaesthetic in 1848 by Sir James Simpson, the Scottish physician.

What is the Gunwale of a Ship?

This word, pronounced and often spelled gunnel, is the upper edge of a ship's side. A wale is an outer timber on a ship's side, and the gun-wale means the wale from which the guns are pointed.

What is the Size of the Great Pyramid?

The Great Pyramid erected by Cheops has a square base with sides of 760 feet, its area being 3 acres, equal to Lincoln's Inn Fields in London, and twice the extent of St. Peter's at Rome. The height is 450 feet. It contains four million tons of stone.

Who are the Seven Archangels?

According to tradition their names are Abdiel, Gabriel, Michael, Raguel, Raphael, Simiel, and Uriel. Michael and Gabriel are mentioned in the Bible, and Raphael in the Apocrypha. The Koran mentions four archangels, Gabriel, Michael, Azrael, and Azrafil.

What is the Rosetta Stone?

A stone found in 1799 near Rosetta in Egypt by a French officer and now in the British Museum. It bears an inscription in three languages, hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek, and furnished the key by the aid of which the ancient inscriptions of Egypt were deciphered.

What are the Twelve Great Livery Companies of the City of London?

The Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers. This is in order of civic precedence. In addition there are about 67 other companies.

Are England's Gold and Silver Coins Made of Pure Metal?

No; standard gold of which sovereigns are made, consists of 22 parts fine gold to 2 parts of alloy. Pure gold is too soft for the wear-and-tear of coinage. Standard silver used in silver coins consists now of one-half silver and one-half alloy.

Was the Chesil Bank at Portland Made in One Night?

No; this the greatest accumulation of shingle in the United Kingdom, was built up gradually by the sea. There are three stages in the formation of such a bank. First a bar, then a ridge, and then the piling up of shingle to a height above the mean sea-level.

What are the Geological Ages of the Earth and Their Durations?

Geologists differ enormously in giving the lengths of the various epochs, but here is one estimate. Quaternary, which includes the Holocene and Pleistocene, 500,000 years; Tertiary, including Pliocene, Miocene, Oligocene, and Eocene, 5½ million years; Secondary, including Cretaceous, Jurassic, and Triassic, 13½ million; Primary, including Permian, Carboniferous, Devonian, Silurian, Ordovician, and Cambrian, 36 millions; Archaean, or oldest, indefinite.

What are Vintners and the Other Trades in the Names of City Companies?

These old names of trades used for the City Companies of London have the following meanings. Vintners are wine merchants; broderers are embroiderers; cordwainers are shoemakers; loriners are harness-makers; scrivners are legal writers, that is drafters of documents and notaries; bowyers are makers and sellers of bows; fletchers are arrow-makers. The terms are all old English names for the trades.

THE WONDERS OF ANDROMEDA

YELLOW & BLUE STARS

The Light of Myriads of Blazing Suns

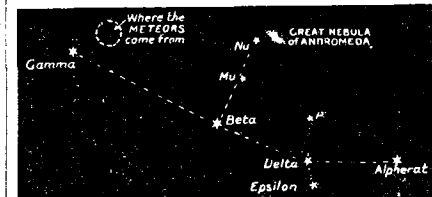
A WHIRLING UNIVERSE

By the C.N. Astronomer

The sparkling stellar gems of Andromeda are now almost overhead after about 7 p.m., and may be easily identified with the aid of our star map.

This constellation is very rich in celestial marvels, more particularly that supreme marvel, the so-called Great Nebula of Andromeda. The great Square of Pegasus with some of Andromeda's bright stars will enable us to find it quite easily.

Alpherat, which is also Alpha in Andromeda, is the upper left-hand star of the Square of Pegasus; it is a sun, believed to radiate about 180 times the light of our Sun; but, being some 7,366,000 times as far away, the brightness of Alpherat amounts only to that of a second-magnitude star, which will



Where to find the Great Nebula of Andromeda

get fainter in the course of ages, because Alpherat is receding from us at the rate of 168 miles every minute.

Beta in Andromeda, a star about as bright as Alpherat, will be seen away to the left. Though a very much larger sun than ours, this only radiates about half the amount of heat—that is, from equal areas of surface. It is about 4,250,000 times as far away as our Sun, the light of Beta taking 67 years to reach us. This sun will also get fainter in the course of long ages, for every minute it becomes 400 miles farther off.

It is Gamma, about as bright as Beta and Alpherat, which is the wonder star of Andromeda. Even a small astronomical telescope will show that there are two stars there, the larger one yellow and the smaller blue. But when examined with much higher telescopic powers, the smaller blue star is seen to be composed of two suns, which revolve around the giant central sun in 55 years. Their light has taken about 326 years to reach us. It has been calculated that they radiate nearly 1500 times the light of our Sun. The whole system is approaching us at about 400 miles a minute.

Oval Patch of Misty Light

Now if an imaginary line be drawn from Beta at right-angles toward overhead, it will pass the two fourth-magnitude stars Mu and Nu; these point the way to the Andromeda Nebula, which will be found a little way beyond, and to the right of, Nu.

It is almost exactly overhead between 8 and 9 o'clock, and may be seen as a faint oval patch of misty light.

Now that faint film of luminosity, appearing to us little larger than the apparent size of the Moon, represents an entire universe; and if we are guided in our conception of it by analogy with our own Universe, it is a vast galaxy of countless suns and worlds.

Photographs have revealed a scene of remarkable beauty, a whirling universe of light in streams and masses which on spectroscopic investigation has been found to consist of countless millions of suns of every kind.

Therefore, where our mortal eye can see but a ghostly light, our mind's eye can perceive not only myriads of blazing suns but myriads of worlds pursuing their everlasting courses round them.

Other Worlds. In the evening Jupiter and Venus south-west, Uranus south. In the morning Mars in the south-east.

BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through

By Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of the early chapters appeared in last week's issue.

CHAPTER 11

Garry Listens

GARRY mumbled a somewhat embarrassed assent.

"Oh, I know that it will sound funny to you," Feddon told him. "You can't understand a fellow not wanting to be at Eastborough. Garry, I suppose I'm built differently from most chaps. But I've never had any brothers or sisters, you know."

"I didn't know," Garry murmured. "I've never had anyone of my own age to knock about with. My mother died very soon after I was born, and my father brought me up and taught me himself." Feddon broke off. "But you're sure," he begged, "I'm not boring you?"

"I'd like to hear," Garry said in a quiet tone.

"I never went to a prep. school. My father taught me at home. But then he said it wasn't good for me to be always at home with him. He said I ought to go to a public school, and as he had grounded me pretty well, Garry, I passed the Common Entrance for Eastborough easily. But I didn't want to go, and I believed all the while that he wouldn't let me go when the time came."

Feddon's face was twitching. "You see," he said timidly, "you see, Garry—my father is—he's sort of everything to me. He and I have been just—everything—to each other. When my mother died he had only me left."

"Yes," Garry said, gruffly. "So I didn't want to leave him. I knew how he'd miss me. And I had everything at home, for my father's very rich, Garry. I say! You know I'm not swanking," came with a falter.

"No," Garry uttered more gruffly. "No, Of course not."

"Well, my father said that he hated to part with me, but as I'd passed for Eastborough I'd better go. I stuck out and I knew we were both of us miserable. Then he and I made a bargain together, Garry. He said—I can remember every exact word, and see him so clearly. We were going round the stables as he said it, and Black Beauty, my cob, was nuzzling in my pocket for sugar—he said, 'Look here, old man. I tell you what we'll do. You shall go to Eastborough, and carry on till you are ripe for the Upper School. And if you don't like it then, I'll take you away.' That was our bargain, Garry."

"A serious bargain?"

"Of course! My father never goes back on his word."

"Very well, then?" said Garry.

"But I can't stick it. I've not been accustomed to fellows, you see. I hate even to be in a dormitory with lots of other chaps. And this time next year, when I'm ready for Big School, I shall tell my father the truth and stick to our bargain."

"Seriously?" said Garry, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes. Seriously. And I know what my father will say. He'll say: 'Old man, you've played the game with me—he always calls me old man'; it's rather jolly—and I'll play the game with you. You shall come home for good."

"But won't you feel lonely?"

"Lonely!" Feddon exclaimed. "The pater and I!"

He uttered this so naturally, with the same naive simplicity which had stripped his innermost self, as he told his story, of the shyness that had enveloped it like a husk. It is not given to all, though they live to grey hairs, to see straight and deep into a fellow creature's heart. But it had been given to Garry at that curious moment. And he felt a little uncomfortable.

He said nothing for an instant, while he felt his companion watching

him. And his reply, when it came at last, scarcely seemed to fit in.

"Do you care," he blurted out with a rush, "to watch the match with Kendall and me on Saturday?"

But Feddon must have seen that it "fitted in."

"I say!" he breathed. "May I?"

And out clanged the bell for lock-up.

How well Garry's invitation had "fitted in" was obvious on Saturday afternoon. The instant dinner was over Feddon joined him and Kendall, and the latter, prepared for his company, greeted him cheerily.

"Demosthenes," said he, being a bit of a wag, "we'll go and see afterwards if grubber stands where she did."

Feddon did not resent his new appellation. He knew Demosthenes to have been a tremendous orator, but Kendall's tone took the sting out of the allusion.

"You wait!" he responded, smiling. "You'll see how I'll jay next debate!"

"Got your pebbles ready?" laughed Kendall. "Demosthenes used to spout with his mouth full of pebbles."

This wasn't the strictest truth; but it broke the ice. And off the three hurried to secure a good place on the line, for the School was playing the Old Boys at half-past two, and Garry's motto was: The early bird gets the best view.

"We can watch the Old Boys punting about first!" said he.

This year the Old Boys were captained by E. G. Hughes-Davies, Welsh Toffee, as they used to call him at Eastborough. And he had vowed that he would rake up and bring down a team that should wipe the School side clean off the map.

"For, look you!" he had proclaimed, "this won't do whatever. The School's thrashed us three years running. We must wallop 'em, look you!"

He had, therefore, persuaded Campbell, the Scots International, to leave his ship-building on the Clyde and turn out once again. He had brought Abel and Baxter, both playing for Oxford next month; and Trevelyan, tried last year for the South in the trials; with Racburn, who had helped Loamshire to win the championship, and Silloth, the Cumberland wing, as fast as the lightning.

An exceptional nucleus of a "jolly hot lot," to borrow the expression used by Crauford, Captain of Rugger, as he was discussing their chances with Spalding and Mostyn in his study, before they bustled off to the changing room.

Spalding Major agreed with a fierce solemn joy.

"The best bunch of Old Boys," purred he, "that I shall ever have played against!"

For he wouldn't have given you twopence for a "soft" game.

As he spoke there came on the door a subdued little tap.

"Come in!" grunted Crauford.

Soppy Tadworth slipped in.

CHAPTER 12

The Old Boys

YOU have only seen Soppy so far among his own kind. You have not seen him yet in the presence of the Olympians.

It was all very well in the junior day-room for Soppy, with hauteur, to dismiss these Olympians as "beasts." He sang another tune when he stood before them.

For Soppy Tadworth as chief of The Conclave was one person, but Soppy as Crauford's fag was another one. Then butter wouldn't melt in his mouth (as the saying goes). Never was a creature tamer and meeker.

"The best trained fag in the School House," was Crauford's boast.

"Please, Crauford," he enquired, scarcely raising his voice, "which of your pairs of footer boots do you want?"

"The old ones," growled Crauford.

"And mind you see they're quite clean."

"Yes, Crauford, yes, they'll be frightfully clean," gushed Soppy, slipping out as noiselessly as he had entered.

Crauford sent a satisfied smile after him.

"I have never," said he, "known that chap to make a mistake! Never once since he's been my fag. He's trained to a hair!"

"I'd have put him down for a bit of a thickhead," said Mostyn.

"Yes, I fancy he's a bit thick in the ordinary way, but I've taken no end of pains with him," Crauford assured them. "If there's a better fag in the School I'll eat my hat!"

"Your bowler hat!" Mostyn chuckled.

"Oh, that!" answered Crauford, grinning. "I don't know how that awful thing got into my study! But now it's here, it can stop here. It will do for a coal scuttle."

And, stooping, he raked out from under his chair a derelict bowler hat of distressing appearance which he had found in his study at the beginning of term, though how it had arrived there nobody knew. He clapped it on to his head with another grin.

"How's that?" he declared.

"It will go all right with your spats," said Mostyn, mischievously.

Crauford frowned. He discouraged allusions to his spats. He had brought these back to wear on some stately occasion—as a craze for "swank" attire had just then broken out in the Sixth Form—but had not yet found the courage to don them. "He was bidding his time," he declared.

Spalding began to smile now. But at something else.

"So," said he, "you're chucking your patent goalers?"

"Yes," Crauford said, curtly.

For thereby hung a tale which entertained Spalding. Their captain had started the season with a new pair of football boots garnished with a weird kind of patent studs on which he set no little store. They were the very best boots ever, and so on, and so on. But although he had placed some rather exceptional goals in them—which had led him at once to dub them his Patent Goalers—he had had to own that they never felt really comfortable. Moreover, in the last match they had brought him bad luck; or so he declared, being superstitious. This bad luck had been the number of passes he had muddled. The surest man in the Fifteen at taking his passes, he had dropped them again and again against The Vampires. The last pass he had missed had almost cost them the match. "I'm through with my patent goalers. They're unlucky," he'd groaned.

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And Spalding, who didn't believe in mascots or their opposites, rejoined, "Sorry, skipper!" and bore Mostyn off to change.

A few minutes later the Old Boys' train had come in, and their charabanc chugged eagerly up the hill.

The first to alight was Hughes-Davies, who threw a glance round.

"Halloa, Crauford!" he cried. "It's jolly being down here again!"

"I hope we'll put up a decent show," Crauford said, modestly.

"You've heard we're rather a useful crowd?" laughed the Welshman.

"Well, there have been rumours," laughed Crauford as well.

A very tall and stooping figure pushed through and a gentle voice was lifted up in mock wonder. "I declare!" it exclaimed. "If it isn't Welsh Toffee!"

Then Hughes-Davies, that burly man, became schoolboy again.

"By James, sir!" he beamed. "How fit you look, sir. I say, sir! this is absolutely top-hole!"

And he wrung The Maypole's hand in a grip like a bear's.

"Do you still plunk them over square-leg's head for your four, sir?"

He was alluding to The Maypole's celebrated cricket stroke, which picked a good length ball off his middle stump and atrociously pulled it over the head of square leg. A never to be forgotten stroke in the old days. After one exhibition whereof in each Masters' Match its performer would smile a smile of deep satisfaction, and retire, bowled neck and crop, the very next ball.

Back now came the ghost of that very same smile. "Not nowadays. Our cricketing days are over."

"Not much, sir!"

But the rest of them came thrusting Hughes-Davies aside, each with some reminiscence to swap with one stooping old gentleman.

"I say, sir? Do you remember—?"

"Do you remember that day, sir, when—?"

"Sir, you know that letter I wrote you about—?"

And nothing of it all had The Maypole forgotten.

Crauford's convoy of small fry had taken their bags to the changing room, and raced off again to secure a good place on Big Side.

And what a crowd there was! And what a hum of excited question and answer as Hughes-Davies led his heroes into the field!

"Who's that fellow with the bald patch on his nut?"

"Shut up, you ass! He'll hear you! That's Campbell, who played for Scotland!"

Snipple stated afterwards in his diary that the Old Boys' team was nothing but Internationals! Yet the diarist, as we know, drew the long-bow sometimes. Garry voiced the general opinion more closely when he gasped to Kendall, "My hat! We'll have to play up!" To which that careless creature, stretching his hand out, responded only:

"After you with those chocolates!"

The Old Boys kicked off against a flutter of breeze and immediately the bay of "Scho-ool!" flooded the ground.

Hughes-Davies found time to ejaculate "Like old times, what?" as he followed up, neck by neck, with Abel and Baxter. But Spalding had caught the ball and returned with a punt which found its target, the touch-line, just where it should have done. Back pounded the Old Boys' forwards for the line out. The game was well under way.

"School! School!" bellowed Garry.

Ah, the ball was away to Silloth, the Cumberland flier. He had plenty of room to move in; and, tossing back his head, as his manner was when he glimpsed the line at his mercy, he raced for it amid screams from the crowd of "Collar him!" Crauford dived at his waist, but the flier swerved round him; Mostyn, fierce and grim-lipped, sprang at his shoulder; to be handed off and roll head over heels on the turf, while Silloth flashed on and on towards the crouching full-back.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Boy King

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown, wrote the poet, and this was never truer than in the case of a boy who, to his great misfortune, was born to high estate and owing to the death of his father came to the throne very early in life.

He was born in troublous times, and when he first saw the light his father had been driven from his kingdom. But a year later the throne was recovered, and the baby was then acknowledged as the heir to the kingdom.

Powerful lords, however, were not then above breaking their oaths of allegiance, and promises to support the boy proved to be of little weight. But for the present he was given a retinue of distinguished officials, including a governor and schoolmaster, and, though only three years old, had a royal Court and special liveries for his retainers.

It was a great deal of pomp for a baby whose future was so precarious, and it seems very ridiculous to us that the king, his father, when going abroad on an invading expedition, a little later, should have made his five-year-old son lieutenant and guardian of the kingdom during his absence.

Other offices followed which the boy could certainly not have understood, and then, when he was only thirteen, his father died and he became king.

It was the beginning of misfortunes for him, for in those times none but a strong man could hold a throne, and there were powerful enemies of his family who had determined that he should never reign.

The boy set out for his capital to be crowned, but when on the way, accompanied by an uncle and other nobles, another party of nobles including another uncle met the king, took charge of him, and put his friends in prison. This meant delay, and he only arrived in the capital on the day appointed for his coronation. He was taken to a strong fortress, and meanwhile his mother, fearing treachery, fled to an abbey church for sanctuary.

The uncle who now had charge of him had determined to dethrone the poor little king and seize his crown. He captured the king's younger brother and placed him with the monarch in the fortress. Then, after beheading one of the faithful nobles, he arranged for a deputation of citizens to wait upon him and urge him to be king. Feigning reluctance, he nevertheless took the crown, and some time afterwards the boy-king and his brother were killed and buried in the fortress where they had been imprisoned. Centuries afterwards their bodies were found and reinterred in a stately church. Here is the boy king's portrait. Who was he?



Here is the boy king's portrait. Who was he?

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A Merry Heart Will Laugh at Care



DI MERRYMAN

A LADY went into a big department shop and said to the shopwalker:

"I want something in oil for the dining-room."

"Yes, madam," was the reply. "A landscape or a tin of sardines?"

A Poetic Puzzle

I HAVE control o'er snow and ice;
The birds they hail me with delight;

To aid the poor I do suffice,
And all who read will own my might;

When of my head I am bereft
I at the harvest-time do show;

And then at winter, if I'm left,
You'll find me lost in frost and snow.

Once more behold me and I send
A thrill to pierce the hardest heart;

I with the thunderbolt descend,
And now to find me is your part.
But ere you read my last don't fail
To add a letter to my tail.

Solution next week

WHY is the Lord Mayor of London like an almanac?
Because he serves for only a year.

Is Your Name Bridgeman?

THE original Bridgeman was a man who lived near a bridge, and probably had some duties in connection with it. From being at first the bridgeman, or man who looked after the bridge, he became in course of time Bridgeman, and the name has come down to his descendants.

Ourselves and Others

"O WAD some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!"

But how much better if by spells
Others could see us as we see ourselves!

Too Polite for Words

THE Scoutmaster of a certain troop was inspecting the cleanliness and turnout of his Scouts. Walking round, he stopped before one of the more recently enrolled Scouts. After looking him up and down for a minute or two he said to him,

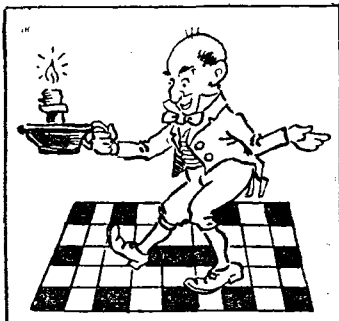
"Jones, your face is very dirty. What would you say if I were to come out on a troop night with a face like that?"

"Please, sir," said Jones, "a Scout is courteous, and I should be too polite to mention it."

WHY must soldiers be very dishonest?

Because it is a daily occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch.

Utility First



Said a clever old person of Spain,
"All these cross-words are bad for the brain."

So he laid one down flat,
And exclaimed, "Here's a mat
Which is quite ornamental, though plain."

WHAT word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

Come-Alive Characters



Fair Warning

QUOTH Bellows to dull Lump of Coal:

"It soon will be your turn
To feed the fire. Now don't forget
That you are there to burn.
Remember you're to blaze and pop
As briskly as may be,
And that if you attempt to sulk
You'll get blown up by me!"

The Valet and His Master

THE valet of Frederick the Great had orders to enter his room at all seasons at five o'clock in the morning, to wake him if he were sleeping, and to throw off his blankets if he did not rise at once.

One day, when his master ordered him to let him rest, the valet replied: "You would dismiss me if I obeyed you!"

Word Building

TAKE half a European country that used to have its own king, but has not now; add a vowel that asks a question, then an indefinite article, two thirds of the definite article, and a pronoun, and you have a well-known flower. What is it?

Answer next week

The Captive's Dream

A PELICAN, penned in the Park Of St. James, made a wistful remark:

"If I could, in three hops
I'd raid fishmongers' shops.
What a lark that would be—what a lark!"

Buried Mountains

IN each of the following arrangements of letters a famous mountain is hidden:

LOOITRSMB, TOOACXP, MUAYAJFI,
PLOUYSM, GAAAUCCNO.

Can you find them?

Solution next week

Bernard Goes Downstairs

BERNARD, aged three and a half, one day came out of his nursery on the second floor, and expressed a desire to go downstairs. But his arms were encumbered with a rather bulky wooden horse, and the situation seemed desperate.

Bernard was very much embarrassed. He thought things over for some time, and then, suddenly reassured, laid his horse on the landing and began to descend the stairs alone, saying to his wooden horse: "I shall come back and fetch you after I have got downstairs!"

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Geographical Letter

Tom, kangaroo, canaries, shark, bear, cod, buffalo, fox, whale, Olga.

A Puzzle in Rhyme British Empire

Alphabet and Arithmetic

CORK + A - FRUIT - FORK
+ MATCH - CHAIR + BUTTON
- TUB - CAT = MUTTON.

Jacko Gets What He Deserves

JACKO always liked seeing ships coming up the river to Monkeyville; and when the bridge was lifted to let them through and all the traffic was held up he nearly went off his head with excitement.

Of course, it was very annoying for people who were in a hurry, but Jacko never was in a hurry. He would hang about all day watching the ships, and sometimes he would play a special game of his own.

It was called Last Across, and consisted in seeing how many times he could rush across the bridge after the signal had been given for it to be raised.

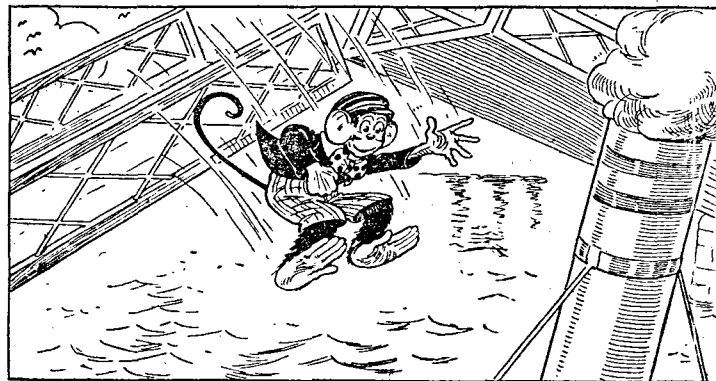
Of course, the old man who worked the bridge hated the very sight of Jacko.

"What with all the trouble he gives me, I'll be wanting my Old Age Pension before it's due," he declared sourly.

But one day he very nearly did get his own back on Jacko.

That young gentleman was up to his usual tricks, tearing wildly backwards and forwards across the bridge just when it was due to be raised. And the bridge-keeper was wild. He was much too stiff with rheumatism to chase Jacko, so he just stood where he was and shouted at him.

Jacko didn't take the slightest notice. He thought the bridge-keeper wouldn't dare to raise the bridge while he was on it, and so he scampered about to his heart's content.



Jacko took a flying leap

But the bridge-keeper was at the end of his patience.

"I'll be even with the young rascal!" he roared. And he hobbled away into his hut and pulled his lever with a jerk.

The bridge began to open in the middle, and gradually the two halves raised themselves high up in the air.

Jacko found himself in a nice fix. Unfortunately he was on the near side of the bridge, and as it rose higher and higher he found himself sliding down the slope. And at the bottom stood the bridge-keeper. He had fetched a big stick, and really meant business this time.

"I'll give you what you deserve!" he shouted, waiting for Jacko to slide down into his arms.

But Jacko did nothing of the kind. He managed to work himself even higher up till at last he was sitting right on the edge of the bridge, with his legs dangling over the water. And the next moment he had taken a flying leap and landed on one of the boats that was going up the river!

The bridge-keeper nearly wept with vexation when he thought that Jacko had got off scot free.

But for once Jacko had *not* got off scot free. He had forgotten the old saying "Look before you leap," and had landed up to his neck in nasty black mud. The boat was a dredger!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Sugar is the Thing

The world-famous wrestler Hackenschmidt, known for many years as the strongest of men, used to say that nothing so well prepared him for a contest as a few lumps of sugar.

American authorities declare that sugar is the fuel most valuable for muscular work, and their dictum is:

Sugar is the best quick food for intense action.

Sugar should be taken half an hour before any prolonged contest. Oarsmen at Cambridge and Henley are accustomed to take sugar before a race.

Il nous Faut du Sucre

Le célèbre lutteur, Hackenschmidt, reconnu pendant bien des années comme l'homme le plus fort du monde, disait que rien ne le préparait si bien à la lutte que quelques morceaux de sucre.

D'éminents personnages américains déclarent que le sucre est l'aliment le plus avantageux pour tout effort musculaire, et leur maxime est: Le Sucre est le meilleur aliment rapide pour une action intense.

Le sucre doit se prendre une demi-heure avant un effort prolongé. Les rameurs à Cambridge et à Henley ont coutume de croquer du sucre avant de prendre part à une course.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Ride

BRIAN looked up at the window out of which his mother was leaning.

He thought: "Oh, she oughtn't to get out of bed; she's poorly;" and then he shouted, "Say it again, Mums, I can't hear."

His mother called down to him again, and then smiled and shut the window.

Brian stood quite still for a moment. All at once he knew that he was a very big boy, nearly grown up! He was to take the pony and go to the village and fetch the letters!

He could hardly believe it, and yet Mummie had called down and told him! She had said, "Do you think, darling, you could take Laddie and go to fetch the letters? Old Joe is poorly too, and can't come today."

Well, he was seven! He could ride, and he was going to do it. He had never been out alone with the pony before, and he had never saddled Laddie.

He tore off to the little stable and began at once.

It was hard work, and he grew very hot; but at last he led Laddie out through the gate and into the lane. Then he scrambled up as best he could, and started off.

It took Brian quite a long time to get there, and he was very hot and tired, but he got the letters and turned Laddie round.

And it was *then* that his trouble began. The pony started off at a great pace, and poor Brian, who had one hand full of letters, could hardly keep from falling off.

And then they came within sight of home, and there was Mummie, poor Mummie, com-



They started off

ing along to meet him with an anxious face, and the old dog Paddy jumping by her side.

"Oh Brian, Brian!" she called. "Whatever made you do it? I've been dreadfully frightened."

"But, Mummie, you told me to!"

"No, no. I said you could take Paddy and fetch the letters."

"Oh dear!" Brian stared wide-eyed. "I thought you said take Laddie, and so I did!"

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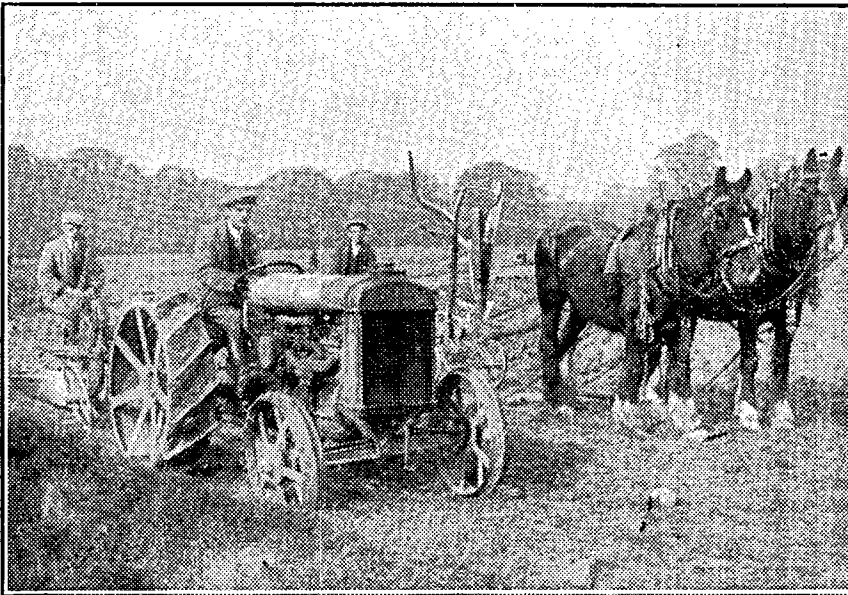
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November 14, 1925

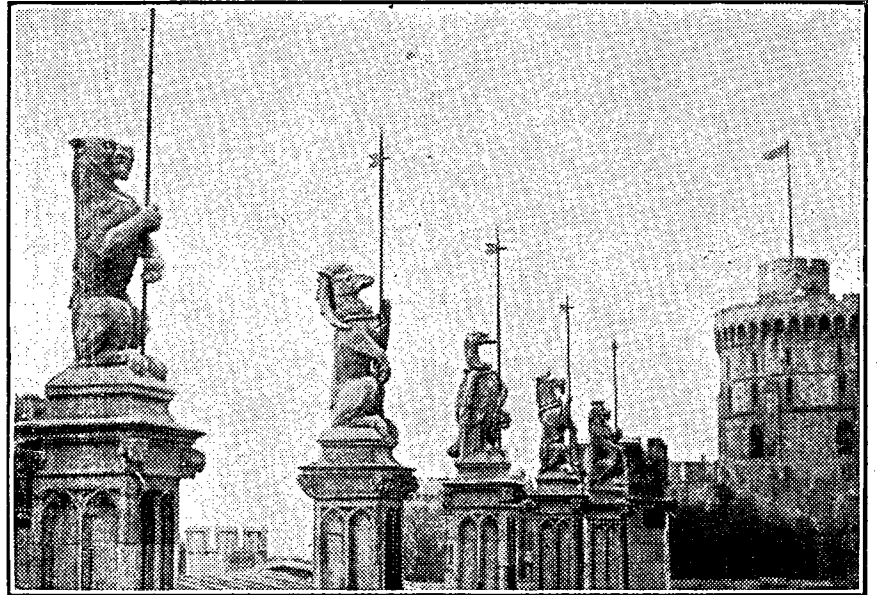
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NEW TRAFFIC SIGNALS · THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT · LUNCH IN THE SKY



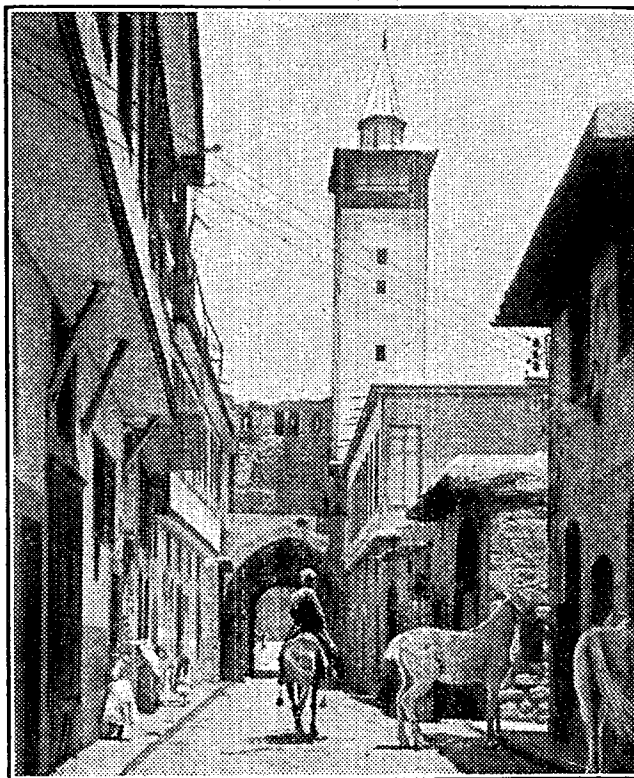
Ploughing Ancient and Modern—In this picture we see a motor-tractor and a pair of horses in competition at a ploughing match held by the Penshurst District Agricultural Society near Tonbridge. More and more tractors are being used, but horses still do excellent work



Windsor's Heraldic Zoo—This curious row of animals and birds has just been set on the pinnacles of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to replace very ancient ones taken down owing to decay in the reign of Charles the Second. They have been reconstructed from old pictures



A Novel Traffic Control Signal—Berlin, which is a very up-to-date city, has adopted novel traffic control devices, one of which we see here. During the daytime this policeman signals to the oncoming traffic to stop or continue, with an apparatus instead of with his arm



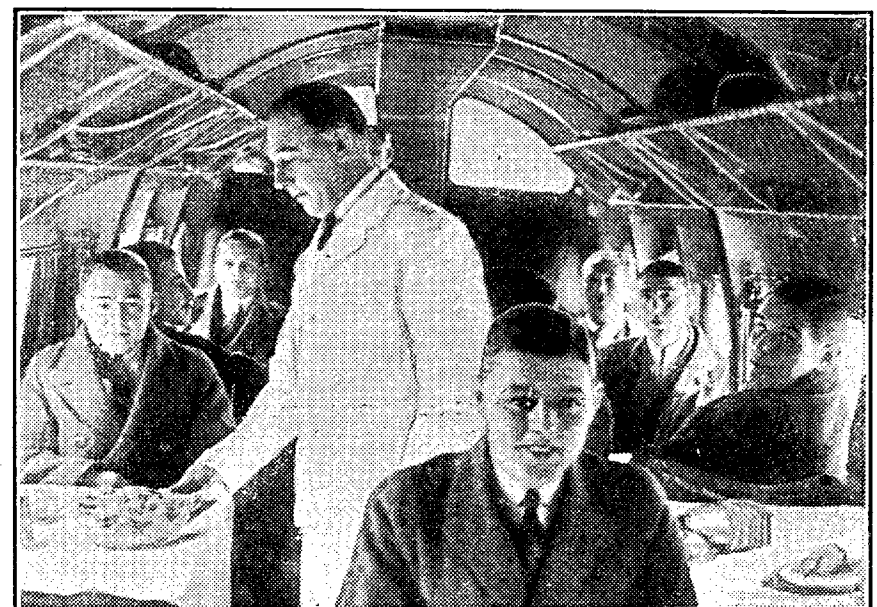
The Street Called Straight—Everyone has been sorry to hear that the beautiful old city of Damascus has suffered severely during the recent fighting. In this picture we see part of the Street called Straight, where the blind Paul, or Saul, was visited by Ananias, as described in the Acts of the Apostles. It was damaged by shell fire. See page 7



A Lighthouse at the Cross Roads—Another interesting feature of the Berlin streets is the traffic lighthouse used at night to do the work which in daytime is done by the signal shown in the left-hand picture. These devices are experiments, for Berlin, like London, has traffic problems



Schoolgirls of Queen Anne's Day—At Colchester Blue Coat School 15 foundation scholars wear the quaint dresses of Queen Anne's time, and make a curious contrast with other pupils



Luncheon Time in the Clouds—Here we see luncheon being served for the first time in an aeroplane, this photograph having been taken during a recent flight on the Imperial Airways

THE CALL THAT WAS HEARD IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER

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